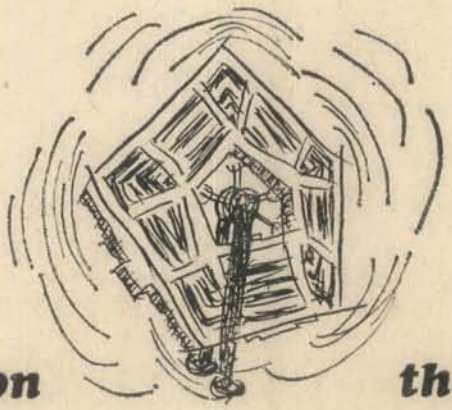
GREEK TORTURE JAMES BECKET

THE NATION

JULY 7, 1969 35 cents

I22-69R PLT-6200
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
NEW JERSEY 07019



UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
JUL 3 - 1969
EAST ORANGE, N. J. 07019

Thirty-Six Years on the Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

on War, Love, Graft, Politics, Revolution and the Hiding Places of Power

an interview with ROBERT G. SHERRILL

THE PRACTICE OF POETRY

new collections from

JOHN BEECHER
GWENDOLYN BROOKS
KENNETH BURKE
RAMON GUTHRIE
RANDALL JARRELL
JUAN RAMON JIMENEZ
BILL KNOTT
ROBERT LOWELL
WALTER LOWENFELS
JAMES WRIGHT

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

an appeal to the people of the United States

The following statement has been issued by Pham The Truc, aged 29, who was elected two years ago to the House of Representatives, Republic of Vietnam, from the Province of Binh Thuan. Congressman Truc has left Saigon and is now living in Tokyo, where Jonathan Mirsky met and talked with him. It was Mr. Mirsky who forwarded the statement to The Nation.

Thousands of people every day are being killed and the land devastated in the cruel war in Vietnam. Why can't peace be established in Vietnam—a peace for which not only the people of Vietnam but also all peace-loving peoples of the world are longing? The following is my view on this question.

The regime of Nguyen Van Thieu and Nguyen Cao Ky is the offspring of a military clique and is still, in its basic nature, a military dictatorship. It has been able to maintain its status only by the continuation of this war. In order to buy the favor of its supporters, this regime encourages them to exploit the poor and acquiesce in their activities of corruption. The corruption in Vietnam is no less inhuman for the people than the war itself and the fundamental rights of the people are being trampled upon.

Furthermore, the present Saigon regime never hesitates to enact whatever repressive measure it can lay hands on in trying to banish, detain and oppress religious leaders, politicians, intellectuals and students. The recent arrests of the Rev. Thich Thien Minh, as well as a number of students, are examples of this oppression. . . .

In other words, the present government is a regime which lacks the support of the majority of the people, exclusively relying on a few people who gain profits out of war procurements and exploit the poor.

It is the United States Government which supports this unpopular government of Vietnam, and by advocating the "Vietnamization of the war" it intensifies the military actions. Thus the United States Government is making the solution of the war all the more difficult and adding to the atrocities of an already bloody war.

Through these serious errors, leaders of the United States Government have proved again that there is not the slightest improvement in their basic understanding of Vietnam and Asia.

As a citizen of Vietnam and also as a member of the Congress, I present the following requests to the United States Government:

(*1*) The United States Government should immediately stop supporting the military regime of Nguyen Van Thieu and Nguyen Cao Ky. (All the treaties which have been concluded between the United States Government and the military regime of Vietnam have no value to the Vietnamese people whatsoever.)

(*2*) The United States Government should withdraw all military forces from Vietnam. (There is no ground for President Nixon's view, expressed in his eight-point proposals of May 14, that the United States military forces cannot be withdrawn without the risk of mass slaughter.)

(*3*) The United States Government should be sincere in the Paris peace talks. By being "sincere" I mean that *peace* for the Vietnamese people, and not the *face* of the United States Government, should be the priority. Political settlement, and not military settlement, should be the priority.

A believer in God, I pay my respects to the people of the United States who love peace, freedom and equality. I pray from my heart that God and the American people's pious faith in God will reflect the noble traditions of the United States and will show its leaders the right policy toward peace in Vietnam. *Pham The Truc*

EDITORIALS

Spotlight on Vietnam

If the American people have not lost all collective moral sense, then the full significance of continuing intervention in the Vietnamese civil war must have been kept from them. That the latter alternative is the case is suggested again by the media attention paid to the May 25-June 10 visit to South Vietnam of a U.S. interreligious study team, sent to investigate stories of arbitrary arrest and imprisonment by the Thieu-Ky regime. The coverage was so scanty that there was little danger the average newspaper reader or TV viewer would be diverted from his preoccupation with the troubles of Joe Namath.

Members of the study team were Robert F. Drinan, S.J., dean of the Boston College Law School; Rep. John J. Conyers (D., Mich.); Bishop James Armstrong of the United Methodist Church; Mrs. John C. Bennett, wife of the president of Union Theological Seminary; Allan Brick of the Fellowship of Reconciliation; John deJ. Pemberton of the American Civil Liberties Union; Rabbi Seymour Siegel of the Jewish Theological Seminary and Adm. Arnold E. True, U.S.N. (Ret.).

The itinerary was as respectable as the participants. The delegation met with President Thieu and South Vietnamese government officials, Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker and members of his staff, and conferred with religious leaders, legislators, attorneys, students and a variety of persons of different political persuasions.

"The government of South Vietnam," the report acknowledges, "was helpful in providing data, permitting team members to visit prisons, and in making accessible certain prisoners." The auspices under which the tour was conducted, and the character of the investigators, preclude any suspicion of bias or unfairness. What emerges must be accepted as definitive—and it could scarcely be more destructive of the claim that we are fighting for the free choice of the people of South Vietnam in determining their future.

Before leaving for Vietnam, the team conferred with members of the White House staff and received assurances that the number of political prisoners in South Vietnam was decreasing. In Saigon a few days later, the American Embassy official most familiar with the problem of political prisoners admitted that the number is increasing steadily and, further, that this increase will continue as the U.S. "pacification" program extends further into the countryside. The American Embassy stand is that the prisoners are an internal concern of the South Vietnamese government. This is a convenient fiction to cover an inconvenient fact—that the U.S. mission is ferreting out suspected "Communists" in Vietnamese villages and turning them over to extra-constitutional "Military Field Courts" which lack any procedural safeguards and which in many cases employ torture to extract confessions or information.

Political prisoners in South Vietnam number at least

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

20,000, and 25,000 is a more likely figure. All are classified as "Communists," although many are guilty of nothing more than advocating a coalition government or steps toward ending the war patterned on President Nixon's proposals. The *de facto* criterion of "communism" is opposition to the war policies of the dictatorship, but even that is not essential. In the Chi Hoa jail the survey group saw 200 children between the ages of 10 and 14; the charge against some of them was likewise communism.

The group met Truong Dinh Dzu, runner-up in the 1967 Presidential election, who was arrested in May 1968 for an interview in which he advocated a dialogue with the National Liberation Front. As Dzu had envisioned future developments, the real Communists would get only 20 per cent of the vote in a free election, and would thereafter have a role like that of the Communist parties of France or Italy. This probably underrated the Communist strength, but it would hardly justify a five-year sentence, subsequently commuted to three.

Another celebrated prisoner interviewed by the group was the Buddhist leader, the Venerable Thien Minh. Although Thien Minh speaks excellent French and adequate English, a condition of the interview was that he could talk with his visitors only in Vietnamese. Thien Minh asserted: "I have committed no offense except that I want peace." Originally he was sentenced to ten years on a charge of assisting draft resisters; his term was subsequently reduced to three years.

If the number of political prisoners in South Vietnam is assumed to be 25,000, that, in a country with a population of 17 million, is the equivalent in the United States of 300,000 political prisoners. In his talk with the study group President Thieu pleaded that in wartime, and considering the unfamiliarity of his country with the democratic process, he cannot relent in his severely repressive policies. But in that case there never will be democracy in South Vietnam; authoritarianism only breeds more authoritarianism. Even if all American forces should be withdrawn, leaving the Thieu government or a successor supplied with American arms, the prospect is for a permanently repressive regime patterned on Chiang Kai-shek's police state on Taiwan. No doubt such an outcome would be quite acceptable to many in the Nixon Administration, but that peace can be established on any such terms is political fantasy. And time is running out, both for Mr. Nixon and the dubious allies we have selected to represent us in that unhappy country.

'A Calculated Risk'

The Army's new Sheridan tank has just completed its first round of combat tests in Vietnam. The kill score: one dead, three severely burned and several other casualties reported—all Americans.

The dead GI and his hideously burned comrades are victims of an Army "calculated risk." This gamble was to send the newly designed Sheridan tank into battle even though a test manager warned long before it left

IN THIS ISSUE

July 7, 1969

EDITORIALS

2

ARTICLES

6 Greece: The Rack and the Bomb — *James Becket*

7 Drew Pearson: An Interview — *Robert G. Sherrill*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

17 Private Gardens, Cloisters, Silent Women — *Robert Bly*

18 Six poems (Translated by Robert Bly) — *Juan Ramón Jiménez*

19 Melancholy Monument — *Hayden Carruth*

20 Pieces of a Broken Mirror — *Paul Zweig*

22 Sojourner of the Self — *Jerome Mazzaro*

24 Lyrical Discourse — *Germaine Brée*

26 The Politics of Poetry — *Alexander Laing*

28 Hosting Russian Poetry — *Simon Karlinsky*

Publisher JAMES J. STORROW JR. — Associate Publisher GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor CAREY McWILLIAMS — Associate Editor PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH — Literary Editor HELEN YGLESIAS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, JOHN LOGAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, MAX KOZLOFF; Music, BENJAMIN BORETZ; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT G. SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; UN, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published each week (except for the omission of four issues) by the Nation Company and copyright 1969 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office. **Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.**

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 209 No. 1*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the United States that it was prone to breakdowns and deficiencies that would jeopardize U.S. troops.

High-ranking Army officials have repeatedly told Congress that the Sheridan tank has been operating satisfactorily under Vietnamese combat conditions. Yet, in a still secret report, the Pentagon admits that the "calculated risk" has "shaken the confidence" of the crews operating the new tank. The report elaborates further on the reasons the crews feel somewhat insecure:

The tank has had "16 major equipment failures, 125 electrical circuit failures, 41 weapons misfires, 140 ammunition ruptures, 25 engine replacements (caused by overheating) and persistent malfunction of the 152-mm. cannon."

Also depressing the crews is the Army's field manual on the Sheridan, which did not arrive in Vietnam until after the first sixty-four tanks had been in combat for six weeks. The 20-page manual advises the Sheridan crews as follows: The electrical system is prone to failure; the weapons firing system is not reliable; the new type of combustible cartridge is subject to malfunction.

This is not to say that any of these deficiencies were unknown before the "calculated risk" was taken. The test manager warned:

> The Sheridan is of questionable dependability and unknown limitation. I do not believe that a combat situation where mission and lives depend so heavily on equipment reliability is the test environment to question and resolve these problems.

The project manager made this statement on November 5, 1968; on February 8, 1969, the tank was on its way. On February 15, one week after the tank went into combat, one of the Sheridans hit a mine that would not have severely damaged some of the Army's older tanks. The explosion ruptured the hull of the Sheridan, ignited the ammunition and killed the driver.

Later, an enemy round struck one of the new combustible shells as crew members wrestled to extract it from the chamber of another tank after it had misfired. Three GIs suffered severe burns.

What effect have these "accidents" and the critical combat field report had on the Army's current plans for the Sheridan tank and its continued deployment in the field? Just announced: 171 new Sheridans are to be shipped to Vietnam.

The Answer to Poverty

One year ago the poor of the nation sat on Congress' doorstep, believing that if they drew attention to their poverty, they would receive adequate federal assistance. They came to Resurrection City from great distances, trusting in strangers for their daily needs. Some traveled from California to Washington in school buses, bearing the bounces, the weariness, the strangeness, the homesickness and the homelessness because of their hope in the government.

They endured torrential rains, flooded "streets" and poor plumbing in their plywood town. From most persons they received derision; the contempt of the many mingled in unequal ratio with the real kindnesses of the few.

Some attention was paid to them by Congress, and some concessions were made—an increase of food stamps, investigations like that of Sen. George McGovern's Select Committee on Hunger and Human Needs. But the most tangible result of their ordeal came to them last month when Congress acted in direct response to Resurrection City. The House voted 327-50 to ban all sit-ins, camp-ins and sleep-ins in the capital. The poor, they stated, had "disrupted the seat of government and destroyed public property."

The cost of living rises and welfare is being cut; the poor have the answer to their demonstration of what poverty really is: no more Resurrection Cities. Congress dislikes being bothered, especially by the poor.

To Him That Hath...

The National Council on Hunger and Malnutrition in the United States reports that the Department of Defense plans to spend nearly $4 billion in fiscal 1970 to feed an average of slightly under 3.5 million servicemen. A major part of this sum goes for labor, capital items, etc. For food alone the allowance is $1.7 billion, which breaks down to about $500 per person per year. Even allowing for the government's purchasing power this does not seem excessive, but the government has the same advantage in purchasing food for the poor, and under the Nixon Administration's present allocations the poor stand to get only $77 per person per year.

The ratio of 6.5 to 1 may be regarded as reflecting the solicitude of any prudently managed, normally predatory government for its armed services; but in another, purely civilian, area an even more atrocious discrimination is practiced. Confronted with statistics on malnutrition in the United States, the average well-meaning citizen comforts himself with the thought that at least the poor kids get a good hot lunch at school. But do they? A story by Gene Blake in the June 4 *Los Angeles Times*, and some nationally collected data, indicate that they don't.

According to a suit brought in federal court in San Francisco by the California Rural Assistance League on behalf of needy children in three counties, the state last year received $25 million in federal funds and commodities to subsidize an average of about 825,000 lunches daily in participating school districts; but school officials arranged to supply to all the children a lunch worth 55c at a reduced price of 35c. Those who have the 35c eat, those who haven't go without. The papers set forth that in one Monterey school district, one out of every two wealthy or middle-class children benefits by the program, but only eleven of the district's 803 needy children receive a free or reduced-price lunch, and three times as many teachers and other adults eat the cut-rate meals.

The National Council on Hunger and Malnutrition estimates that since the National School Lunch program was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inaugurated in 1946, more than $4 billion has gone to help the children of the well-to-do instead of the needy. Of more than $500 million expended by the U.S. Department of Agriculture last year, it is said that $375 million, or 75 per cent, subsidized the more prosperous children. It looks like yet another case of "to him that hath shall be given," although the author of that sad aphorism may have thought, in his innocence, that the very young might be spared. It would be refreshing if, just once, a program of this sort were operated for the benefit of those for whom it was intended.

More Dirty Business

J. Edgar Hoover would now have us believe that he was a reluctant eavesdropper and that it was the late Robert F. Kennedy who originated the idea of tapping the phone of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. But Hoover's statements are inconsistent with those made by Ramsey Clark, Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, Burke Marshall and Carl T. Rowan, and with testimony of one of his own agents given under oath. Study of these statements and independent investigation convinces us that some time in 1963 Hoover reported to Kennedy that a "Communist" was working in Dr. King's office and requested authorization to install a wire tap. Kennedy approved the request for a limited period, we are told, and later assumed it had been discontinued.

In the meantime, however, Hoover, without the Attorney General's approval, had managed also to place "bugs" in Dr. King's home, office, and on at least one occasion in a hotel room occupied by Dr. King. Hoover assures the country that the tapping and/or bugging were discontinued on April 30, 1965, but his own agent has testified that the surveillance continued until Dr. King's death. Was the bugging, as distinguished from the wire tap, ever authorized? And who authorized the surveillance to continue after April 30, 1965? Not Clark, not Katzenbach, and not Kennedy, who resigned as Attorney General on September 3, 1964. Clark tells us that Hoover made repeated requests for authorization to install wire taps on Dr. King, none of which he granted, and that the last request came two days before the assassination.

But there is an aspect of the surveillance that is more repulsive than the fact that it was ever undertaken. Summaries of the recordings, we learn, were revealed to members of the House Appropriations Subcommittee headed by Rep. John J. Rooney (D., N.Y.). Rooney and his colleagues were so "shocked" by what they learned that they thought the Speaker should have the privilege of listening to the recordings (*Congressional Record*, June 18, 1969, p. E-5056). How many other members of Congress saw the summaries or listened to the tapes we do not know, but word travels far and fast in those circles. Accounts have appeared in print of how some of the tapes, which related to Dr. King's private life, were played for the entertainment of journalists who happened to visit the FBI establishment.

Carl T. Rowan, who headed USIA, says that he was familiar with the summaries. Are such summaries, then, shown routinely to heads of government agencies? In this issue Drew Pearson is quoted as saying that he had some of the tapes or summaries. Rowan reports that "for years the FBI has had a small army of agents and allies roaming the country whispering the dirt about Dr. King."

This, we submit, constitutes an intolerable situation, one which the federal government cannot, in all conscience, ignore. Ramsey Clark is clearly on sound ground in saying that Hoover should resign. More to the point, he should be forced to testify under oath, subject to cross-examination, concerning every aspect of this ugly incident. To permit him to distort the truth, by taking advantage of the fact that neither Dr. King nor Robert F. Kennedy can refute him, is to involve Congress, the Executive and the White House as accessories to his malicious slander of the dead.

The Cook Doctrine

Fred J. Cook, the well-known crime reporter and liberal journalist, wrote a feature article for *The Nation* and was harshly attacked by the right-wing Rev. Billy James Hargis over the chain of radio stations that carry his diatribes. Cook, who is not one to take verbal muggings passively, requested equal time. Some of the stations acquiesced and played a tape of Cook's rebuttal. If everyone was not as happy as a lark, there was no ill feeling, and the time of all concerned was conserved.

However, in reply to his request, some of the stations sent Cook a rate card and offered to sell him time for rebuttal. One of these was WBCG in Red Lion, Pa. (near York), whose transmitter often lays down a serviceable signal well beyond the usual FM range. Cook sued. On June 9 the Supreme Court decided unanimously in his favor, thereby upholding the constitutionality of the Federal Communications Commission's fairness doctrine.

Obviously, had it decided otherwise, the Court would have sanctioned the freedom of well-heeled interests to say whatever they pleased, short of outright libel, about the less affluent, without the latter being in a position to reply. One result of the Court's action may be a little less reckless word-slinging by the rampant right wing.

In a separate but related action the Court, again unanimously, turned down a challenge by the broadcasting industry to the fairness rules codified by the FCC in 1967 and 1968. The industry contended that the requirement that stations provide time for reply would discourage them from carrying controversial material. This seems an overstatement. The requirement does not apply to regular news programs, nor to commentaries carried therein, nor to bona fide political broadcasts.

Mr. Cook has performed a public service in pressing the issue, and any inconvenience that may be caused to the broadcasters will be overbalanced as the Court evidently intended, by the furtherance of free speech in the true sense of the term.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREECE: THE RACK AND THE BOMB

JAMES BECKET
Mr. Becket, a Harvard Law School graduate, is studying for a Ph.D. in international law and economics at the University of Geneva.

Geneva

Two weeks ago Prime Minister Papadopoulos of Greece announced that he would himself hang in Constitution Square any official who had tortured a Greek citizen. This declaration was provoked by an article in *Look* magazine, "Greece: Government by Torture." Though reports of torture have been in the European press for two years, an article in a mass circulation American magazine hit the junta where it hurts. The usual categorical denial was given, and the "falsehoods" were attributed to "Communists" and "mentally deranged persons." Perhaps the colonels were justified in their annoyance, since it is undeniable that in many parts of the world colonels get on with the business of "national regeneration" with hardly a murmur of protest from abroad. But Greece is a special case, and one of the reasons it is a special case is that Greece is a signatory to the European Convention of Human Rights.

In mid-June in Strasbourg the European Human Rights Commission heard seven more witnesses on Article Three ("No one shall be subjected to torture or to inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment"). After the sessions of last November and December, which were dramaticized by James Bandopoulos scenes of escaping junta witnesses (see *The Nation,* January 6), the commission held hearings in Greece in February. Exercising its power under the convention to carry out an investigation on the spot, it examined fifty-one witnesses. But the commission was refused access to certain witnesses, notably the would-be assassin of Papadopoulos, Alecos Panagoulis, who only recently escaped and was recaptured. (The Human Rights Commission is hardly pleased with Papadopoulos' offer to *Look* to come and make a free and "serious investigation" in Greece, when this was denied the commission which enjoys the right under an international convention.)

The seven new witnesses, heard on June 15 and 16, had escaped from Greece with the help of resistance organizations. Two witnesses called from Greece were not permitted to leave the country. One of them, the right-wing lawyer George Mangakis, who has defended many political cases before the courts-martial, had his passport confiscated at the airport. (Thus, for good measure, violating the convention article on freedom to travel.)

The June session, unlike previous ones, was calm. The witnesses had the same story of torture to tell: bastinado, mock execution, electro-shock, sexual abuse, etc. (One new interpreter collapsed after an hour and

There follow here several lists of persons known to have been tortured in Greece, the headquarters where they were tortured and the identities of those who tortured them. *The Nation* does not know who in Athens prepared this list, but it came to the United States in a diplomatic pouch and was forwarded to the magazine by a source which we have every reason to believe is reliable. It was compiled several weeks ago and is not complete.

A. Prisoners tortured at Police Headquarters in Athens:

(*1*) Korovessis, Pericles: actor
(*2*) Lentakis, Andrew: student
(*3*) Loissios, Leonidas: theatre director
(*4*) Panoussis, Themistocles: journalist
(*5*) Mandeos, Peter: clerk
(*6*) Dakos, Apostoles: accountant
(*7*) Haralambous, Miltiades: house painter
(*8*) Palamaras, Christos: notary clerk
(*9*) Sideris, Leonidas: worker
(*10*) Bertsas, Nicholas: accountant
(*11*) Tsirka, Natasha: accountant
(*12*) Tolios, John: student
(*13*) Manolakos, Aristides: student
(*14*) Kalergi, Mary: student

Their torturers were:

Police officers Lambrou, Malios, Babalis, Gravaritis; Policemen Panagopoulos, Kleomenis

B. Prisoners tortured at Police Headquarters in Piraeus:

(*1*) Christopoulou, Vassiliki: housewife
(*2*) Kilakos, Stamatios: student
(*3*) Papayannakis, Christos: architect's aide
(*4*) Iliadis, Theodore: merchant
(*5*) Frantzeskakis, Constantine: accountant
(*6*) Papayanneas, John: printer
(*7*) Ambatielos, Nicholas: accountant

Their torturers were:

Police officers Yannacopoulos, Kouvas, Yaroutsos; Policemen Angelopoulos, Iliopoulos, Potinos, Kanatas

C. Prisoners tortured at Gendarme precincts in various suburbs of Athens (Nea Ionia, Kalogresa, Nea Liosia and Aigales):

(*1*) Paraskevas, Nicholas: plumber
(*2*) Nicolacopoulos, George: worker
(*3*) Komatas, Peter: worker
(*4*) Morsitis, Angelos: worker
(*5*) Toukas, Constantine: worker
(*6*) Dimitrelis, Stavros: shoemaker
(*7*) Stratis, John: professor
(*8*) Karamintsis, Epaminondas: stenographer

Both Stratis and Karamintsis as well as Mary Kalergi were also tortured at the military camp of Dionysos, near Athens, where the barracks of Papadopoulos' Praetorians are situated.

The torturers in the above cases were:

Lieutenant Rigalos, Sergeant Kotiridis, Gendarme Kolias.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was replaced by a veteran.) One reason for the calm was the absence of both principals, the Scandinavians and the junta Greeks, at the in camera sessions, and this time no junta thugs were patrolling the premises. This meant also that the junta's chief man on the case, and its most ardent defender on the diplomatic scene, Basil Vitsaksis, was absent. Mr. Vitsaksis has been rewarded with appointment as ambassador to Washington, though he is waiting for the United States to send its ambassador to Greece. There is now the chance that he might be appointed to replace Foreign Minister Pipinellis, who is not well.

The question for the commission is no longer whether torture exists or not (nor, one would suppose, whether there are to be hangings in Constitution Square) but whether torture appears in "isolated cases" or is an "*administrative practice.*" A *decision* is expected from the commission at the end of November. It will be a landmark for international law. The case is rare in international jurisprudence in that the Scandinavian countries did not bring the action for commercial reasons but for reasons of principle. As the chief agent, Norway's Jens Evensen says: "We fought a war so these things would not happen again. We are bringing this case not just for the Greeks but for the Italians, for all Europeans."

This essentially juridical decision has taken on increasing political significance. The Committee of Ministers of the Council of Europe managed to avoid expelling Greece from the Council with the excuse that it would be more proper to wait for the decision of the Human Rights Commission. This means that if the commission were to find that there had been torture, the expulsion would be almost automatic. The junta's policy, as devised by Mr. Vitsaksis, has been to obstruct, but he is running out of delaying tactics. Expulsion would have serious consequences for the colonels, who fear the operation of a "domino theory" on other, more vital European organizations.

Meanwhile, mass arrests and torture continue. A recent wave of bombings has been aimed at American targets: The PX, Litton Industries, American Express, the Hilton, USIA, etc., as well as around recent NATO exercises in the north of Greece. This expresses the belief of every Greek that the United States is responsible for the current situation, and that only a change of American policy will change the situation. Some observers believe that the United States, the major supporter of the junta, is becoming more and more disenchanted. Greece's Minister of Economics was officially invited to France recently by the Minister of Defense and declared he wanted to give France important contracts. France, South Africa's leading arms supplier, represents the only area for maneuver for Fascist Greece in the event of American pressures. The junta's anti-communism and strategic importance to the West exclude an Eastern or Nasser-like path.

In the face of a probably unfavorable report by the commission on torture, of increased bombings and resistance, and of European dissatisfaction, the Nixon Administration will have to make some decisions it has so far avoided.

DREW PEARSON: AN INTERVIEW

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

To many Americans—and this is especially true in the hard-dirt hinterland where fame seeps down slowly—there is only one political columnist operating in Washington, or at least only one they can name. It's Drew Pearson, of course—Andrew Russell Pearson, as he was christened seventy-two years ago in Evanston, Ill.—whose "Washington Merry-Go-Round" was the first of its kind and has never been successfully imitated. Evans and Novak produce a column that much more accurately relates political trends and political machine work around the nation. Joseph Kraft turns out a much more literate and thoughtful column, and so does Tom Wicker. But nobody comes even close to competing with the Pearson product, which is a unique blend of carnival pitch, news, synthetic philosophy and rumor.

Whereas most good reporters get by on gall, Pearson operates behind a front of old-school pride that is not quite arrogance. Even for a man who estimates that he has 50 million readers, he takes credit for some rather unlikely achievements. For instance, he feels that simply by asking the right question in a press conference held by Coke Stevenson in 1948—the year Stevenson and Lyndon Johnson were vying for the Senate seat from Texas—he defeated the former and elected the latter. It is a theory held by no one but Pearson. He believes that by disclosing in 1967 (he was the first to write about it) that California Gov. Ronald Reagan's office was haven for a homosexual ring, he "pretty well knocked Reagan out of the box as a Republican candidate and as an attempt by the far Right to take over the Republican Party—and the United States—in 1968." He believes that if he had carried the bit about Richard Nixon's psychotherapy before the election of 1968, Humphrey might today be President, which is something Pearson would have loved to help bring about.

This kind of opinionated self-assurance is one of the things that makes Pearson great fun to read, even when he falls short of accuracy, and it was in anticipation of both amusement and the wisdom that comes with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years that The Nation *put these questions to Pearson at his Georgetown home:*

Q. During the next four years do you foresee a colder cold war or a normalization of relations with the Communist bloc?

A. I think Mr. Nixon will be practical regarding Soviet Russia and we will have reasonably friendly relations. I think the Russians are anxious to get along with him. I was in Romania and Poland in September, and some of the leaders there, some of the very top leaders, said they thought they could get along with Nixon. One of them, Ceausescu, had talked with him rather extensively in Romania. And the foreign minister of Poland, Winiewicz, had been ambassador in Washington when Nixon was on the House Un-American Activities Committee and Nixon had come to see him—(he talks about this rather jokingly) —to investigate communism. Of course Winiewicz was one of the leading Communists in the United States at that time. [*Pearson grins.*] But they said, "We think we can get along with him." I've noticed that the Soviet and Communist newspapers have been rather noncommittal about Nixon, whereas the Western European newspapers have been critical. Nixon has said he thinks the day of confrontation is over. I think he means that. I think he's a common-sense guy. I think he knows the peace of the world depends on these two supernuclear countries.

Q. In domestic things, do you think we'll move to the right under Nixon?

A. He'll drift to the right, domestically. There'll be more wire tapping, more bugging of your and my bedrooms.

Q. Do you see a Kennedy-Muskie ticket in 1972, or will Humphrey be back? What are the most likely Democratic entries next time?

A. I think there is going to be a three-way race for the Presidential nomination. In the first place, John Connally of Texas is going to run for the Senate and has in mind running for President later.

Q. You mean he will run against Sen. Ralph Yarborough in 1970?

A. Against Yarborough first. Then he will lead the Johnson wing of the Democratic Party, perhaps with, uh— I don't know where Hubert Humphrey is going to stand as yet—and then there will be the other wing, the Muskie wing of the party which actually is not at all different from the Kennedy wing, except in personalities. And there will be Kennedy. You'll have a three-way fight.

Q. You actually think there is an excellent chance that Connally will run for President in 1972?

A. Yes, and that would put Johnson in power in Washington again, in a way. The campaign itself would put him in the political swim as an adviser and perhaps as a semi-campaign manager. Johnson and Connally are very close. Johnson isn't going to stay idle.

Q. About Nixon's psychotherapy, why didn't you write that in your column before the election?

A. For two reasons. In the first place, I couldn't quite confirm it. Secondly, I think I was a little cowardly. I think I could have confirmed it if I had worked hard enough. But I've gotten hell so many times from my editors for writing stuff the last few days of a campaign and they don't realize you go through a lot of work to get a story and it sometimes takes a lot of time. For instance, I got badly criticized when I brought out the story of Don Nixon's $205,000 loan from Howard Hughes about a week or ten days before the end of the 1960 campaign. Actually, some papers like *The Washington Post* didn't use it. So, I've got to live with these editors and I say perhaps I was a little cowardly.

Q. Do you think if you had written about Nixon's treatment before the election, it might have changed the outcome?

A. It could have changed the course, if I had been able to get it a little earlier. But I was traveling, for one thing (it is something of a mistake to travel during a campaign, but you have to do it to get political sentiment). I called this Dr. Hutschnecker from Boston—I had tried to call him from Miami early in the morning, and finlly got him on the telephone about 10 o'clock. He first admitted and then subsequently denied treating Nixon with psychotherapy. I had asked Jack Anderson first of all to check with Herb Klein, and to give Hutschnecker's name, to say that we had confirmation from him. Then at 4 o'clock Hutschnecker changed his story completely. Later I found that Hutschnecker admitted to friends that he got this call from Nixon's office before he switched positions. Furthermore I found out that at the time Nixon saw Hutschnecker —1953 and 1954—Hutschnecker was not practicing internal medicine at all, as Nixon's group now contends. He had written a book in 1951 on the will to live. Although he was licensed to practice internal medicine he wasn't doing it.

Q. Do you feel Mr. Nixon was unstable?

A. He seems to have acquired some mental stability now, certainly. But in the past he has not been stable in two or three big crises. One was when he lost the governorship race in California and had that press conference afterward at which he lost his head. And it was after that that he really had, I am reasonably informed, a lot of psychotherapy. Intensively in 1962. Not with Hutschnecker.

Q. We heard that he would sometimes retire to his room for two or three days at a time.

A. I heard he had two-hour sessions with the psychiatrist, every day, five days a week. In late 1962 and early 1963. Also, back when he had the incident down in Venezuela as Vice President, when he was mobbed, he retired to his room in the American Embassy. This I have confirmed. He retired to his room and would not come down. They canceled a state dinner in his honor. He went into a blue funk, wouldn't come out, and only ate bread and cheese with bourbon. Finally he got control of himself.

Q. Aside from needing all his marbles, a President also needs power. Does any President have enough power to outweigh the drag of Congress, in terms of what the Executive is expected to initiate in the way of programs, momentum, etc.?

A. No, the Presidency just does not have that kind of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power. Nixon will have a certain amount of power only for the first year. Even Johnson with his tremendous ability to sway the Congress was able to get the power only for the first three years. Nixon will have real trouble after the first year.

Q. How would you compare Kennedy and Johnson in the use of Presidential power?

A. I think Johnson was much more adept. Kennedy was always a little frightened of Congress. I talked to Kennedy in the summer of 1961—he'd been in office about seven or eight months. We were talking about the federal aid to education bill. He was bemoaning the fact he couldn't get an aid to education bill through. I suggested to him that he might veto the impacted areas school bill —to use as leverage, for all Congressman favor impacted aid—and he said, No, it wouldn't get anywhere. I don't remember if he said Congress would pass it over his veto, but he wouldn't tackle it.

Q. Given another term, do you think Kennedy could have learned how to deal with Congress? Would he have been a great President?

A. I think he was heading for trouble his last year. Time had run out on him. Another four years could have been disastrous, and looking at it from the cold-blooded point of view of history, he may have been lucky that he didn't live longer. I say that with regret because he had great qualities, but nevertheless Congress was turning against him. He didn't have either the techniques or persuasiveness of Lyndon Johnson and he also didn't have the margin that Johnson had, after whipping Goldwater.

Q. But of course he had an election coming up in '64. He might have got that margin.

A. It would have eroded. I talked to some of the good Democratic leaders who were for him but were a little bit on the old-fashioned side, and they said it was going to be *very* serious. They were talking about what was ahead for him in 1964, and they said it might be so bad that he might not get re-elected.

Q. Even against Goldwater?

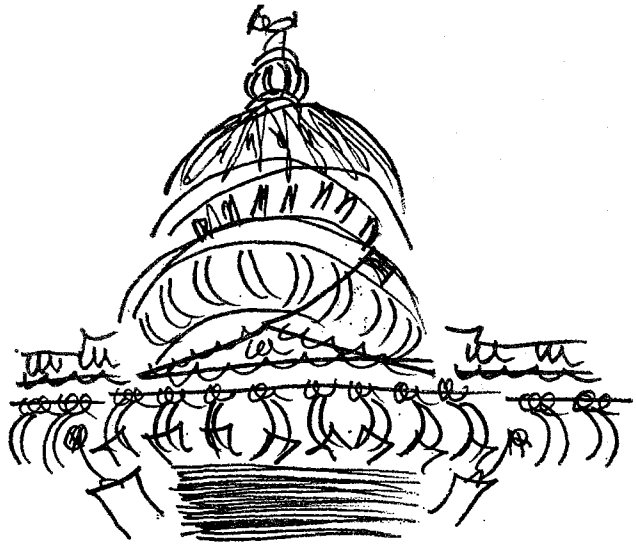
A. Well, Goldwater was not then nominated. If the Republicans saw any chance of winning, they wouldn't have nominated Goldwater. They figured Johnson was sure to win; they figured they might as well get Goldwater out of their system, spew him up.

Q. Was Johnson as ruthless as some said?

A. He's a mixture. He can be ruthless, but on the whole I don't think that's the word I would use to describe him as President. In the Senate, yes, he could be ruthless. I had an interesting talk with him after he had been President about a year and I was telling him about some of the problems I had been having with some of the right-wing publishers down in Louisiana. He said: "You know, I had to live with those fellows when I was in the Senate, but thank God I don't have to live with them any more." I used to criticize him about his oil legislation and his natural gas legislation, and I remember—this was in 1956 —he said: "Did you ever notice Hubert Humphrey voting against the dairymen of Minnesota? I can't vote against the oil men of Texas." But as President, he broadened out. I didn't see him do anything out of the way for the oil people after he entered the White House. He appointed Lee White to be chairman of the Federal Power Commission [*which regulates the oil industry*] and White's shown himself to be a good consumer man.

Q. There was a great deal of oil support for Nixon in the campaign.

A. He has far more support from oil than Johnson had. And Johnson made a whale of a good record for the consumer. There's been no President, even including Franklin Roosevelt, who did so well for the consumer.



Q. Both Kennedy and Johnson managed to bungle things abroad, but of the two, which President would you say had the better grasp of foreign affairs?

A. When Kennedy and Johnson came in, neither had a very good grasp of foreign affairs. I'm talking now about Johnson coming in as Vice President and Kennedy as President. But Johnson picked up the reins quickly in regard to Soviet-American relations. *Immediately.* I talked to him one week after he became President and he, at that time, outlined to me the fact that we *must* have better relations with Soviet Russia, that this was the key to future peace. And he said, "I'm going to work at this, harder than any other policy." At that time he was not very conversant with Latin America. He had trouble with Panama two or three weeks after he came into office. He mishandled it. He mishandled the Dominican Republic, in my opinion. But he learned his Latin American politics excellently as he went along. I think his European policies were, on the whole, good. I think his policies with France, de Gaulle, with Western Europe were excellent. He didn't let de Gaulle rattle him. But on Asiatic policy he took the advice of Dean Rusk, and Rusk had been so close to Asian policy he couldn't see the trees for the leaves. Johnson was at least three-fourths good on foreign policy and quick to learn.

Kennedy, on the other hand, was good on Latin American relations from the start and was good on European relations from the start, though he pounded that "I am a Berliner" theme too hard. But he was awfully slow on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet-American friendship. It took him to June 10, 1963, when he made that American University speech, to really come around to the test-ban treaty. I had talked to Kennedy, had taken a message from Khrushchev to him in the first week of September 1961, and I found Kennedy was still sore at Khrushchev from the Vienna talks. I think he got deeper into Vietnam partly as an offset to the failures he had made in Vienna, the failures of Cuba, and so on.

Q. In the last two years we have noticeably started moving to the right again. Do you see a further swing to the right, or to the left, or where does the pendulum seem to be aiming these days?

A. The swing to the right is going to continue probably through much of Nixon's first four years.

Q. That's a pretty long swing. Could it carry us almost to fascism?

A. If intense enough. But I don't think it's a long swing as far as time is concerned. After all, a swing that began with Harry Truman and the Joe McCarthy days, in '48 or '50, continued right up to 1960—ten years. It continued under Eisenhower, though it did ease down toward the end of his term. Eisenhower was complacent; he wasn't a rightist, but he kind of rode along with the tide. I may be wrong but I don't think the rightist movement we are now in will ruin us, and by the end of the four years I would say the swing to the right will be over. Nixon is going to have real problems with the black militants and some problems with the Negro moderates.

Q. I remember that you, or Anderson, wrote several pieces perhaps not apologetic for the Chicago police but unfriendly toward the demonstrators.

A. That's correct.

Q. I was wondering if the Walker Report had changed your mind.

A. No. I think that the Walker Report quite properly emphasizes the fact that the police overreacted. We reported that, too. What we stressed was the part which the television networks and the television producers played in the whole thing. Our columns were aimed at trying to overbalance the deluge of criticism that came out at that time, aimed solely at Mayor Daley. I'm no champion of Daley, particularly, but I think he's been a pretty good mayor. I've met him only casually. Everybody was squawking about the fact that a few newspaper men had got beaten up. Well, the newspaper profession is hazardous—you can get killed. I've been beaten up myself—by Joe McCarthy. He hit me and kneed me.

Q. Since the Ethics Committee that the Senate set up at the time of the Dodd scandal was supposed to look into all the conduct to see if any other investigations were called for, and since there haven't been any, do you think it's reasonable for us to say that the rest of the Senate is clean, or was this Ethics Committee something of a fraud?

A. There is one Senator who would bear some intensive scrutiny, but he isn't getting it. That's Everett Dirksen. Dirksen is a lovable fellow but he is such an actor that he gets away with murder. He has a law firm which he constantly votes with or for on the floor of the Senate, on such things as higher-priced drugs and oil-depletion allowance. He is *really* blatant in his conduct but he is such a popular guy that no one will believe it of him. You look at his voting record. I'm not saying that what Dirksen is doing is illegal but it is highly unethical.

Q. But isn't the purpose of the Ethics Committee to look into ethics?

A. Certainly. They could well afford to look into Mr. Dirksen, but they won't.

Q. Then they are something of a fraud?

A. They are. The fact is they won't look into *any* Senator unless a newspaper man forces them to.

Q. In recent years a great many shady dealings have been uncovered relating to Congressmen but very little of the shadiness has been uncovered by Congress itself. Does this point to complicity of all 535 members, or stupidity, or ignorance?

A. I would say partially ignorance, but more than anything else, protectionism. They don't want to see any evil or hear any evil or speak any evil. You know the rules—they must not speak evil of a club member. They know what the score is. Take the case of Dodd, if I may. Several Senators, long before we went into his record, told me that he was unethical—they used stronger words than that. I think the only reason they went into Dodd extensively is that he made the mistake of writing them a letter, asking them to. After that they couldn't dodge it.

Q. Former Congressman Resnick once asked: Who runs Congress—the people or the lobbyists? And you remarked at that time, ironically, I'm sure, that this was an interesting but a foolish question. What did you mean by foolish?

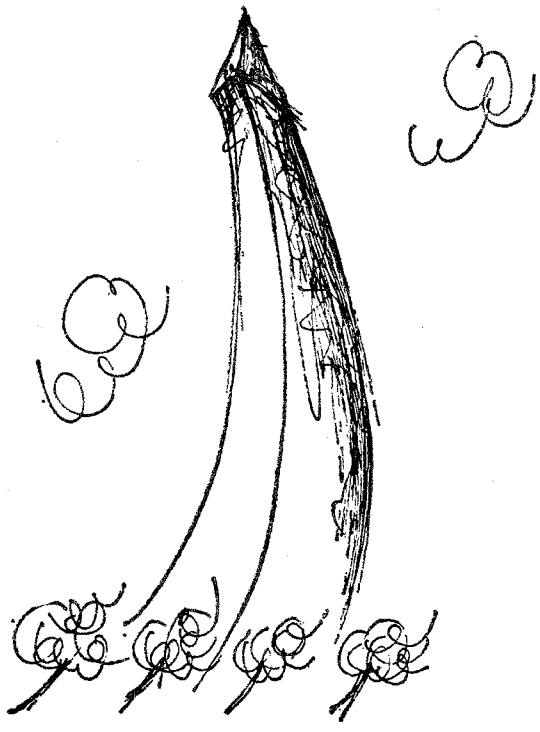
A. The lobbyists run the Congress except when you can get a big issue up and get a lot of public opinion steamed up for that issue. I'll give you an illustration. Last summer there was a bill increasing the size of truck trailers, almost doubling their size. This coasted right through the Senate, right through the House committee, and then, thanks to some vigilance by some alert newspaper men—I'm sorry to say it was not me or Jack Anderson but a reporter for the Des Moines *Register* and another fellow from the Scripps-Howard newspapers—it was shown that members of the House committee had received contributions from the trucking lobby rather extensively and over some period of years. The public got steamed up about it, thanks to this publicity, and I believe the bill was stopped in committee.

Q. How many people now serving in Congress have been influenced, at one time or another, by gifts or favors from lobbyists?

A. In the House the percentage is larger. It would be very unfair to try to make a real estimate. When you take minor favors, 50 per cent—minor favors like free airplane rides or small Christmas gifts. Major gifts, the percentage is lower. In the Senate, the percentage is much less; 20 per cent for minor favors.

Q. Is there any possibility, or probability, that the questionable byplay between lobbyists and Congress can ever be stopped?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A. I don't think so.

Q. Some of these Congressional investigations seem to gear up and then just fizzle out. Do you think they are concocted as threats, for a kind of blackmail?

A. Sometimes. Pretty hard to put your finger on it, but there is one Congressman who is chairman of an important committee who has started some investigations and then suddenly they just go up in smoke.

Q. Would that be Mr. Celler?

A. It would be.

Q. Have you got any evidence or leads?

A. Well, he started an investigation of Pan American Airways some years ago, and Ed Levy, his counsel, who is now president of the University of Chicago, did a very thorough job of it and then nothing happened. I've talked to Levy about it; he defends Celler. (I think it was Levy; maybe I'm wrong, maybe it was the other counsel who is now on the Court of Customs Appeals.) But I did look into that and it seemed to me there was no excuse for dropping this investigation. Secondly, he had an investigation going on newspaper monopoly. He did some work on this, it looked very promising; then suddenly the investigation stopped. Senator Hart of Michigan picked it up and really has done a very thorough job. But Celler kissed it off.

Q. What could he get out of such a thing as that?

A. Well, he's got a law firm where he's still a member. I've talked to him about this and he doesn't like what I've said at all. Celler has done some great things for civil rights, he's been on the plus side as a Congressman. I think he's done great service to the United States as a whole, but on this I think he's very vulnerable.

Q. Mr. Pearson, part of our government is elected and part appointed. These are the visible parts. But we keep hearing there is an invisible arm of government that comes out of the posh law firms here in Washington. Is it true that they lay their mark on much of the legislation that passes? Is this "fraternity" concrete enough to be called an arm of the government?

A. Almost, but it's a little exaggerated. There are certain law firms, very astute and powerful—they've got brains, and many of their members have served in government. For an example, Lloyd Cutler, who represents the big automobile people. He's very shrewd and successful in, for instance, changing the auto safety codes, modifying them within this past year. He also represents Columbia Broadcasting Company and at one time he has served as counsel on the violence commission. He euchred, or maneuvered, the commission so that it went into a very superficial study of TV violence, at first. Subsequently Hale Boggs kicked to high heaven and now they are going into it more thoroughly.

Q. Would you say the big law firms' influence, in general, is for good or for bad?

A. Well, usually their influence is not too good. They're working for their clients and they are in their pay. And usually their clients are against the public.

Q. Then, on any important bill that would pit the public against special interests, we can be sure there are powerful law firms working on those bills?

A. Yes, you can be absolutely sure. Take, for instance, the bill that was passed a couple of years ago, rushed through the House of Representatives and subsequently the Senate, forbidding the Federal Trade Commission from regulating cigarette advertising. Now who put that across? The Tobacco Institute, and Covington & Burling helped on it. Covington & Burling is a very good law firm; they represented me; they are expert, they don't charge too much in law fees, and they produce. They produced here. Right now they're trying to produce further. On a very interesting point which I'm going to write about shortly. They're trying to get the American Cancer Society to lose its tax exemption.

Q. You mean because they're lobbyists?

A. Of course. They're lobbyists for better health.

Q. Compared to the large number of questionable activities on the part of Congressmen, the 300 or so Presidential appointees at the top seem to be rather pure. Are appointed officials more honest than elected ones?

A. I think they are. We're talking now about the federal government. I think you've got a very dedicated group of officials, for the most part, in the Executive branch of the government and always have had, ever since I have been in Washington. I would say that we have had for years one of the most honest governments in the world. I think it compares very favorably with the Scandinavian or the British. But there's another reason right now: Johnson, for the first time in history, required every bureaucrat and Cabinet member to file his assets.

Q. That started with Johnson?

A. Yes, with the Civil Service Commission—four times a year. You remember Harry Truman tried to do that and had trouble; Eisenhower never required it and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he had a lot of conflict of interests. Even so, even despite those conflicts of interest, I think the Executive branch of the government, even under Ike and Truman, though there were some problems under Truman, on the whole was honest.

Q. To what extent are regulatory agencies and the Congressional committees parallel to these agencies bought off in a gentlemanly roundabout fashion by the industry they are supposed to regulate?

A. They are bought off. To give you an illustration: Senator Pastore of Rhode Island, in my opinion, is a good Senator. In fact, he is one of the top Senators, except he has one great weakness. He is hand in glove with the networks. Whenever anything comes up regarding the networks—he is, I think, the second Democratic member on the Senate Commerce Committee—he always goes to their defense. I persuaded Magnuson to appoint a subcommittee to investigate some of the unethical practices in the TV industry. He appointed Yarborough as chairman, Gale McGee is a member, Hugh Scott is the minority member. And that committee was in existence for maybe seven or eight years—I forget exactly—and they weren't able to do a thing, for the simple reason that Pastore claimed that this was infringing on his prerogative. I'm sure that in his own mind Pastore doesn't feel that he is bought off and I'm sure that technically he's not—no cash has ever been exchanged. But they have been very adroit in buttering him up and making him out to be a very important Senator, which he is, and he steps in and he protects them just as if they had a paid lawyer there. It's a matter of friendship, but it works.

Q. When Lee Loevinger was head of antitrust he said the history of every regulatory agency in the government is that it comes to represent the industry or groups that it is supposed to control. He said the companies wine and dine their regulators and get to be great friends.

A. Yes. That's what happens to the Federal Communications Commission. We've brought out in the past that Chairman John Doerfer of the FCC cruised around on the yacht of George Storer, owner of a big chain of TV stations. Eventually he was kicked out—or was forced to resign. Various other commissioners have taken trips. There was one noticeable case, Commissioner Richard Mack, who accepted a loan from people who had litigation regarding Channel 10 in Miami.

Q. What about the other agencies? Is the FCC the worst in that regard?

A. Yes. The Interstate Commerce Commission has some friendships with railroads but they're not flagrant. It's hard to put your finger on.

Q. Just not much regulating gets done, is that it?

A. You said it exactly.

Q. Favoritism for special interests violates the broad, general one-man, one-vote idea. If you kept that one-man, one-vote idea and shifted over into the area of legislation or regulation, and you found favoritism, why wouldn't that violate the Constitution? And if it did and you could make a good case for favoritism being shown, why couldn't those people be prosecuted as though they had violated the law?

A. I think they could. I'm not familiar with the technicalities of the law. The problem is to get anybody to prosecute. Even when you've got clear-cut cases, it's asking a lot to get prosecution. I remember Parnell Thomas, Congressman from New Jersey, when he violated the kick-back law clearly. I had a heck of a time getting the Justice Department to prosecute. I went to Alex Campbell, who was chief of the criminal division, a very good man, and I said, "You're a Democrat and here's a Republican who has violated the law"; and he said, "Well, we haven't got a witness." So I went and got him a witness, Parnell Thomas' secretary, Helen Campbell. He said, "Well, all right." And he said to her, "Will you consent to be indicted?" She was reluctant to be indicted but she said she would, in order to plead a charge of conspiracy. She said, "Then what happens to me? Do I get a job?" And he said, "We'll get you a job." Well, Thomas was convicted and Helen Campbell ended up on *my* payroll! Until she retired at the age of 75.

Q. You mean it was left to you to give her a job?

A. Right. I employed her here about fifteen years. They didn't give her a job and somebody had to take care of her.

Q. Everyone agrees that politicians should be honored to the extent that they are public servants, but at what point do special privileges begin to spoil and corrupt?

A. I don't think you can fix any point. Once you have special privileges they begin to spoil almost immediately. The minute you give special privileges to a Congressman or Senator or any other government official, you're in danger.

Q. Do you think we attract better people to run for public office by offering them, say, special immunities from arrest and higher pensions than most could hope for in private life—special insurance policies, etc.?

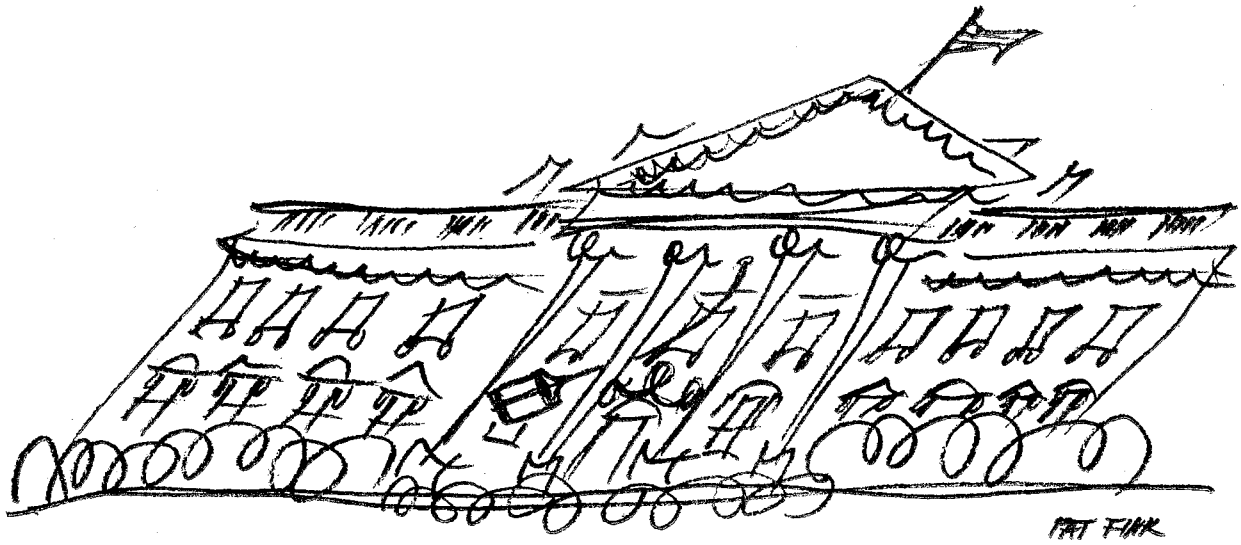
A. Of course, that's the purpose, but I don't believe we attract them. We should, but I don't believe we do.

Q. I wonder if there was a time that you can remember when there wasn't such treatment and we maybe had better members of Congress.

A. It is my impression that when I first came here, in 1925, you had a higher standard of ethics in the Senate. That was the time when Blair of Pennsylvania was kicked out for spending about $1 million in getting the nomination, and when Senator Smith of Illinois was kicked out for taking $100,000 in campaign money from Insull. And it was just after the Teapot Dome investigation, when Walsh of Montana was riding at the peak of his investigative prestige and doing a very good job and everybody was trying to be on their mettle to improve the quality of the Congress. It was in the wake of the Harding scandals and Coolidge had appointed some men to clean things up. We can say the ethics of Congress was better then than it is today. It would probably take a first-class scandal to shake it into reform action.

Q. Time and again over the past several decades you've shown how House and Senate members with financial interests in oil have finagled things around on behalf of the oil industry, how those with financial interests in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



cotton or soybeans or some other farm commodity have bilked the public on behalf of their pocketbook, and so on. Yet you almost invariably have called this conflict of interests; that's your gentlemanly way. Isn't it really racketeering, Mr. Pearson?

A. It's high-class racketeering. That's a better description, I would say.

Q. Why don't you call them racketeers in your column? Why not be tougher on them?

A. I am against words that sound exaggerated; the public thinks the word racketeer, when used against a Congressman, is exaggerated and unfair. I think the reader gets the idea if you just recite the facts. In the case of Poage of Texas, for example, if you tell about the junkets he took to the Dominican Republic at the time of Trujillo and the things he did for Dominican sugar—increasing the sugar quota—the public gets the point. And then if you go on and show how he has championed the increase in farm subsidies up to as high as $2 million to $4 million for individual farmers, I think in California and Texas, the public gets the point. So although I think it might be fair to call him a racketeer, I would not use the term.

Q. To dwell on the point a little longer, in your book, *The Case Against Congress,* you say the great majority of Senators and Representatives in the U.S. Congress are honorable men. You go on to call them victims of a system. And yet, as your book so excellently shows, many of the people in Congress you are talking about transgress morality and the law. Do you think that maybe you've been too sympathetic?

A. I'm a little taken aback at your saying I've been too sympathetic. I suppose I've got more enemies per square inch on Capitol Hill than any place else in the world. I do call the majority honorable men. Because, number one, in the Senate, they are—a great majority. In the House the ratio is not so big. But I still think that the majority in the House are honorable.

Q. In your first book, *Washington Merry-Go-Round,* which came out in 1932, you said that the great majority of America's newspapers were "trivial, reactionary and subservient." What's more, you said that the Washington press corps was the slave to such influences. In your last book, your judgment of the press was much less harsh, but you still said that its watchdog functions "left a good deal to be desired." As a matter of fact, although the quality of reporting out of Washington has improved greatly since 1932, couldn't the great majority of American newspapers still be described as "trivial, reactionary and subservient"?

A. Yes. Eighty per cent of the newspapers are Republican owned. When a Republican administration is in power they naturally are inclined to protect that administration. When the Democratic administration is in power, they are delighted to have their newspaper correspondents investigate and criticize the administration. To do an adequate investigation of a government official or government department is not easy. It takes money, it takes time which is more valuable than money. And it takes risk. Last year, I spent at least $25,000 on legal fees alone. Which just about ate up my profit for the year. And I haven't lost any cases either. The average reporter can't afford the money or the time to do this. Some papers have been very good in backing them up, backing me up. *The Washington Post, The Wall Street Journal. The New York Times* has dug more and more into some of these things. But the easy thing to do is to say, well, so what? I have worked awfully hard on some stories only to have them killed.

Q. Has this happened recently, Mr. Pearson?

A. Yes. During the recent election I had what I thought were some important stories about Nixon's law firm. For the first time in history we were about to have in the White House a man who was a member of an important New York law firm, with very big clients—railroads, oil companies, investment banks—so I went into some of the companies that he represents. I got a letter from one publisher, who is not a big publisher, and he said (*this is an exact quote*): "I have given instructions to my

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

editor to throw your columns in the wastepaper basket when they mention Nixon." I spent a lot of time on this, and I thought it was rather important.

Q. Did most of your editors run it?

A. Yes, most of them did.

Q. You have been criticized because you have used information from the FBI files. You wouldn't consider it fair for the FBI to publicize confidential information, yet you use confidential information from their files. How do you answer that question for yourself?

A. That's not an easy question for me to solve or to answer. The most recent case in which I used wire-tap information was that of Black, the lobbyist, who was convicted for income-tax evasion. He already had been convicted and he had been up for appeal and had been granted a new trial on the basis of these wire taps. So the wire taps then became automatically a matter of considerable public interest. They had not been released, but the fact that the courts had ruled that his wire had been tapped seemed to me to place this information in a somewhat less privileged category. Now I did not publish all of it—there were certain sections in there that were not published—not pertaining to him, however. We picked out and did publish such things as telephone conversations with certain Congressmen asking that defense plants be placed in their districts in order to get them re-elected. Carl Albert, Congressman from Oklahoma, who is a fine Congressman, wanted a defense plant placed by either General Dynamics or North American in his district so it would help. He wanted Black, who represented North American, to do this. Now *that* was very important for the public to know about because it illustrates the alliance between Congress and the Defense establishment and the industrial establishment. An alliance which *really* influences the United States more than any other single factor, in my opinion. And that I thought was important and should be published. There were some other similar things.

Another illustration: I wasn't criticized for this that I just told you about, but I was criticized for the one I am going to tell you about now. When Martin Luther King was killed, we found that the FBI had tapped his telephone for approximately one year. And it seemed to me, and to Jack [Anderson], that this was the kind of surveillance that should not have happened. And Robert Kennedy had signed the wire-tap order. It seemed to us that the Negro leader was entitled to privacy on his telephone, as I think a newspaper man is entitled to privacy on his telephone, and others. So we did some rather extensive investigation about this, and we did quote from some of the FBI reports on Martin Luther King. The one part where we were criticized was in regard to an FBI reference to King's sex life. I debated that for a month, and finally used a small portion—I didn't use very much.

Q. Did you have the whole transcript?

A. I had an extensive part of it, yes. I don't believe it was all of it, but it was extensive. I left out the major portion. I think the column carried only one paragraph. This was a debatable point, but we used it. His followers were very critical.

Q. What was your purpose in using that one paragraph, to show what?

A. Well, I think to show that King was not superhuman.

Q. As a matter of fact, J. Edgar Hoover was putting it around to favored newsmen, something about Martin Luther King in a hotel room—I remember reading it in Marquis Child's column. So Hoover was unloading it as he wished to anyway.

A. I think he was talking to a few newspaper men. He didn't talk to us, by the way. Hoover does not like me, *at all.*

Q. Have you had your own phone bugged, Mr. Pearson?

A. I have so many people tapping my phone that I sell commercials on it. I can't tell, and I don't worry about it. The only thing that I have to be careful about are news sources. When I talk to Jack Anderson on the telephone about news sources, we leave out names.

Q. I read *Behind the Lines,* your biography, and it says that once you went to Lyndon Johnson privately in 1950 and asked if he could defend you against an attack you anticipated from Joe McCarthy on the floor of the Senate, but that Johnson refused to help you. Looking back on it, do you think it wise—would you have sought that favor if you had it to do over again?

A. Johnson was not a great Senator at that time; he was not Senate Majority Leader. Yes, I wouldn't hesitate to go to a Senator who knew me and knew that I was not a Communist and ask him to say that I was not. I would have no hesitancy in so doing. If you're being unjustly attacked on the Senate floor where you don't have privilege, and the attacking Senator does, I would like to have a little help. Fortunately they didn't believe what he said about me, but I couldn't be sure in advance.

Q. I understand that for your help in the administration's effort to purge then Sen. Millard Tydings, that President Roosevelt after that cleared every federal appointment in Maryland with you before it was made. Let me ask you two questions: Do you think it wise for a columnist to participate like that, in a campaign; and do you think it wise to accept that type of recognition for your help?

A. No on both counts.

Q. You wouldn't do it if you had it to do over again? You've not made that mistake since then?

A. No, I haven't. Millard Tydings and I had been rather friendly as young bachelors around town in the early days. But he proceeded to crucify my father, who had been appointed Governor of the Virgin Islands by Herbert Hoover, as a Republican. Tydings was a Democrat and wanted him out. And the things that he did against him were almost beyond belief. It eventually killed my father. He died in 1938. That's why I did my best to defeat Tydings.

Q. And FDR did clear appointments with you?

A. Yes, he did—Maryland appointments. Roosevelt was eager to destroy the political hold Tydings had on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state of Maryland. Tydings had built up his little air-tight political kingdom there.

Q. How many times have you been sued?

A. Can't remember. Some of the suits have been relatively minor, but maybe fifty times. Congressman Bramblett of California brought a $100,000 libel suit against me and he dropped it immediately after we had him indicted; he was convicted. So if you count those suits that were dropped, it might come to fifty.

Q. I guess the most famous was the $1,750,000 suit filed against you by the late General MacArthur. It's sort of a classic mystery. Why was the thing dropped? You never explained it. At this time, would you care to?

A. MacArthur was confronted with the evidence, which was overwhelming against him. We had said he had lobbied for his own promotion, that he strutted, that he evicted the bonus army from Washington. One of his girl friends came across with all the evidence against him.

Q. You mean, just on that? On the bonus march? That was right out in the open, wasn't it?

A. We were not worried about that anyway. But on some of the others, such as lobbying for his own promotion.

Q. So you just confronted MacArthur with a lot of stuff, and told him, if you're going to push this thing we're just going to have to bring it up in court?

A. No, we had not known about this information until he brought the suit. Frequently it happens that when someone brings a suit it serves as a lightning rod and his enemies come to you and say, look, so-and-so is suing you, did you know this? Ross Collins, Congressman from Mississippi, who was head of the Appropriations Committee for the War Department, as it was then, suggested to me—he said, "You know, MacArthur's been keeping a girl in the Chastleton Apartments, on 16th Street just up the street from the White House? The Chinese girl." I didn't pay much attention to Ross Collins' advice but he was right. This Chinese girl he had kept in the Philippines and had brought over here, she'd been keeping a diary, with all these entries, so we just got in touch with MacArthur's attorney. That was all there was to it.

Q. The entries were about his official life?

A. Official life and private life, both.

Q. Would it have made pretty racy reading?

A. Very. It would have sold like hot cakes.

Q. How many good stories like this have you held back, over the years?

A. Oh, I don't believe there were many. The sex life of important people, I haven't printed. And there has been some sex life.

Q. Under what conditions in general, other than national security, should a reporter hesitate to write a story about which he knew his facts were accurate?

A. Well, almost never, other than national security. I think that perhaps when a man is dead you should think about it a little bit, if it's going to injure his family. But if the man was very important and the events that are involved are important to the public welfare, even then it should be written.

Q. You were the first to point out that Mendel Rivers has a liquor problem, and you have warned that inasmuch as he is chairman of the Armed Services Committee and privy to many defense secrets, his sobriety or lack of it can pose grave questions of national security. Do you know of other heavy drinkers in Congress who are similar national security risks? Is the nation helpless to do anything about it so long as their constituents keep voting them back into office?

A. Russell Long of Louisiana, Tom Dodd, Adam Clayton Powell have had a problem. There are some others, but not too many in the Senate.

Q. In addition to drinking, is there the woman-chasing type of security risk in Congress?

A. Oh, yes, many. There's a proverbial saying, when girls take jobs with certain Congressmen they have to buy track shoes.

Q. This would be a security problem, wouldn't it?

A. I don't believe so, because most men are not so easily blackmailed in regard to that; they are blackmailed in regard to homosexuality.

Q. Is there any of that in Congress, that you know of?

A. Well, I don't know. I suspect there is, but I don't know.

Q. You have dined frequently with Presidents, and with every important person in government. Where do you have to watch yourself lest you become too friendly? Is there any sort of a measure in your own mind?

A. It's a very difficult problem. There was a time when I didn't accept any invitations to the White House during Roosevelt's administration, though I did go down to see him privately. During the Truman administration I was never asked, so there was no problem there. He had three people on the list he never invited—one was Clare Booth Luce, one was Adam Clayton Powell, and one was me. All three of us had been critical of his wife. I didn't mean to be, but he thought I was. Mrs. Truman is an awfully nice woman. But, anyway, getting back to your question: it's difficult. Actually I don't be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lieve going to the White House alone or going to dinner gets you obligated.

Q. I don't mean obligated. I mean, if you got to like a President personally you might slack off in criticism. Isn't there that danger?

A. I know what you mean, and I was going to go on to say that you get to know Cabinet officers, and other high officials in government, and you have a problem. A *real* problem. Sometimes they can be very hurt when you criticize them after you have met them socially. On the other hand, some of them will take it in their stride, kiss it off and say, it's all fair in love and war and politics. I'll give you an illustration: the other day I met Edward Day, former Postmaster General. He is a nice fellow and I've known him quite well. I had written a piece—he now represents the firm which sells TV sets—about how he had lobbied with the House of Representatives to change a bill which would require standards in regard to radioactivity. I saw him the other day and found he had just shrugged it off. But some fellows are very petty. The big caliber people know that they're in this kind of a game and have to take the criticism with the praise.

Q. It seems that I recall reading recently that somebody was the ghost writer with you on your novel.

A. Yeah—Gerald Green. He helped me, as I pointed out in the frontispiece of the book.

Q. When I read about your ghost writer, I thought to myself, Mr. Pearson belittled President Kennedy for getting someone to write *Profiles in Courage,* and here he's using this man to help him write his novel. Do you think that was a fair criticism?

A. [*Pearson chuckles.*] It was a natural thought. However, as I said, I gave Green credit and I offered to give him more credit.

Q. You know the power of a column intrigues me, that is, the measurement of the power. How many readers do you have?

A. It's estimated from 30 million to 50 million; it's pretty hard to say.

Q. It is said that you think perhaps your interview with Khrushchev in 1961 helped lead to the test-ban treaty, and more East-West trade, and to the present period of coexistence. Does your column really have that sort of influence?

A. I think it did help in that case. First place, I published rather extensive quotes following two days with Khrushchev and that was widely carried not only in my own column but was picked up by other newspapers and reprinted. At that time, I went out on what many people thought was a limb. I said that I thought that Khrushchev potentially could be a friend. And that we could trust him as a friend. Or words to that effect. I was criticized for this by some editors, but I think I was right and still think I was right. Maybe it's an exaggeration to claim that this changed sentiment in the United States, but we were in the process of changing. Mr. Kennedy had had an unfortunate showdown with Khrushchev in Vienna three or four months before. When I came back from seeing Khrushchev I had a talk with Kennedy, told him about our talk, and in fact gave him a message from Khrushchev. Although Kennedy didn't react immediately to it, later he did. I had talks also with Robert Kennedy, Averell Harriman, some of the people in the State Department. They all were anxious to know all the details of what Khrushchev had said and how he had acted. In fact, I had a long session with the CIA. I didn't tell them anything beyond what I subsequently wrote except possibly in more detail. I told all of them that I was convinced that Khrushchev had some trouble from his own military, which was later brought out because he was kicked out, and some trouble from his own reactionary clique in the Kremlin. And that he wanted to iron out his problems with the United States.

Q. What's been your objective as a columnist? Any sort of an impulse that has kept you going besides just the fun of it all?

A. Well, I don't make an awful lot of money, and although I do have some fun, the headaches sometimes outweigh it. You asked me whether I get outraged—I don't think I do any more as much as I used to. My chief motive is to try to make the government a little cleaner, a little more efficient, and I would say also, in foreign affairs, to try to work for peace. I began life wanting to be a diplomat. I didn't have the money to go into career diplomacy so I went into newspaper work and I think I have made some contributions for better understanding around the world. It wasn't merely my talk with Khrushchev that helped in this direction. I also spent some time visiting Tito, and the leaders of the Communist world—in Romania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia—and have attended some journalistic conferences in those countries at a time when you risked being called pro-Communist. And I think I may have had a little bit to do with the policy of people-to-people friendship which Eisenhower adopted in 1955 with the Geneva Summit Conference. I had urged this on him personally, even before he became President. And I kept harping on it, talking about it, and working on it with various State Department people. Tried to work for it, write about it, and may have had a little something to do with it. So, I would like to say, in answer to your question, that that is one of the things that motivates me. Arthur Goldberg was good enough, when he became UN Ambassador, to offer me a job as his assistant which was very flattering and tempting.

Q. You couldn't have possibly taken it, could you?

A. If I had quit being a newspaper man, yes.

Q. What post could conceivably tempt you out of your column?

A. I wasn't tempted—I didn't take it.

Q. Would you take an ambassadorship, Mr. Pearson?

A. No.

Q. Why are you on the comic page in *The Washington Post*?

A. Well, when Eugene Meyer first persuaded us to leave the Washington *Times-Herald* for the *Post* we were a little critical of some of his friends and he finally put the column way back on the comic page out of the way. I've always enjoyed being back there.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Private Gardens, Cloisters, Silent Women

ROBERT BLY

Mr. Bly is a poet, and editor and publisher of the Sixties Press. The article below, in slightly different form, will appear as the introduction to Forty Poems of Juan Ramón Jiménez, *chosen and translated by Robert Bly. The poems which follow the article are a selection from the book where they will appear with the Spanish originals (Sixties Press).*

To Juan Ramón Jiménez a poem means ecstasy: that is the difference between poetry and prose. Living as a poet means feeling that ecstasy every day of your life, every hour if possible.

His poems are signposts pointing the reader back to the life from which the ecstasy came. Jiménez said that he lived his life in such a way as to get the most poetry possible out of it, and he loved solitude, private gardens, cloisters, silent women with large eyes.

His poems ask the question: what sort of life shall we live so as to feel poetry, ecstasy? His emphasis on how the poet *lived*, rather than on rhythm or technique, is precisely why so much poetry flowed from him into the young poets. In his life he embodied as Yeats did some truth about poetry that everyone, but especially poetry professors, try to ignore and do ignore.

We can understand the subject matter of Jiménez's poems if we understand that it is in solitude that a man's emotions become very clear to him. Jiménez does not write of politics or religious doctrines, of the mistakes of others, not of his own troubles or even his own opinions but only of solitude, and the strange experiences and the strange joy that come to a man in solitude. Jiménez's books usually consist of emotion after emotion called out with great force and delicacy, and it must be said that his short, precise poems make our tradition of the long egotistic ode look rather absurd. Seeing the beauty of a sunset, for instance, he does not, with many stanzas, complicated syntax, and involved thoughts, write a long elaborate ode on immortality—he simply says:

Serene last evening,
Short as a life,
End of all that was loved,
I want to be eternal!

(Translated by Carlos Francisco de Zea)

This is what he calls "naked poetry." It is poetry near the emotion. He has a wonderful poem in which he says that in his youth, when poetry first came to him, she came to him like a very young girl, naked, and he loved her. Then, later, she began to put on ornaments and become very elaborate, and he began to hate her, without knowing why. Then, years later, she began to trust him, and now, at last, is a young girl, naked, again —"naked poetry, that I have loved all my life!"

Jiménez, as a poet, was born in the great and joyful reviving of Spanish poetry about 1905, led by Antonio Machado, Unamuno and himself, who all dreamed of a new blossoming of Spain. Jiménez was not robust. He was delicate, neurasthenic, and slipped off into insanity more than once. Yet his devotion to poetry was healthy and rigorous. He was more generous to younger poets than Yeats was: he spent years editing poetry magazines and starting publishing ventures to get poets in print, endless afternoons poring over young poets' manuscripts. His delight and Machado's stubbornness prepared the way for the great generation of 1928: Lorca, Aleixandre, Salinas, Guillén. They all knew it. Lorca's early poems are imitations of Juan Ramón, as they always called him. Juan Ramón threw up light and airy houses made out of willows, and in so many different designs that all the coming Spanish poets found themselves living in one or another of his willow houses before they moved out to their own house. Jiménez even anticipated Lorca's mature work. Juan Ramón Jiménez came to the United States in 1916 to marry Zenobia Camprubi, who was the sister of a man who owned a Spanish-language newspaper in New York. Jiménez lived in New York and Boston for a few months, and wrote *Diary of a Poet Recently Married*, a book about the United States, but still not well known here. Thirteen years before Lorca he met the "King of Harlem" walking up Fifth Avenue; he describes the meeting in his prose poem "Deep Night," translated in this collection. The crippled Negro whom he calls "king of the city" is clearly the same Negro of whom Lorca said:

Tu gran rey prisionero, con un traje de conserje!
(Your great imprisoned king, dressed as a janitor!)

Anyone who knows the work of Guillén, Salinas or Alberti will also see Juan Ramón Jiménez in their poems, seated quietly on the sandy bottom, clearly visible through the sunlit water, like a magic water creature.

When Franco won, almost all the poets of that magnificent spring were killed or went into exile; Lorca was killed by Franco's militia during the war, and Miguel Hernández died in a Franco prison in 1942. With Rafael Alberti, Jorge Guillén, Pedro Salinas, Emilio Prados, Manuel Altolaguirre, and Luis Cernauda, Jiménez went into exile. He lived for a while in Chevy Chase, Md., then in Puerto Rico. Later Franco asked him to return to Spain, but he refused.

His love for his wife was one of the greatest devotions of his life, and he wrote many of his poems for her. When he received the Nobel Prize in 1956, his wife was on her deathbed, and he told reporters to go away, that he would not go to Stockholm, that his wife should have had the Nobel Prize, and that he was no longer interested. After his wife died, he did not write another poem and died a few months later, in the spring of 1958.

Jiménez and Rubén Darío, the Nicaraguan, gave a great gift to Spanish poetry: an emphasis on pleasure. Herbert Marcuse in his *Eros and Civilization* talks of how many Americans are crippled because of the puritanical adherence to duty, to the reality principle. They are crippled because they are addicted to boring sobriety, harshness, duty, "responsibilities of life," business. They think it is their duty to accept boredom in politics, to stay inside on a moonlit night, and to be miserable, selling or teaching, doing what they don't want to do. If they avoid delight, they feel more mature. Americans are crippled because they give up, perhaps at 10 or 15, all hope of being happy. Juan Ramón Jiménez is aware of all this—only the Spanish temperament is as puritanical as the American. His work pulls the psyche toward pleasure. His poems are an elaborate defense of the pleasure principle. He sees the humor and drama of making such a defense today. He talks to the full moon:

The basil is not asleep,
The ant is busy.
Are you going around naked
In the house?

(The following are Mr. Bly's translations of six poems which are to appear in *Forty Poems of Juan Ramón Jiménez.*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FULL CONSCIOUSNESS

You are carrying me, full consciousness, god that has desires,
all through the world.
Here, in this third sea,
I almost hear your voice: your voice, the wind,
filling entirely all movements;
eternal colors and eternal lights,
sea colors and sea lights.

Your voice of white fire
in the universe of water, the ship, the sky,
marking out the roads with delight,
engraving for me with a blazing light my firm orbit:
a black body
with the glowing diamond in its center.

OCEANS

I have a feeling that my boat
Has struck, down there in the depths,
Against a great thing.
And nothing
Happens! Nothing . . . Silence . . . Waves . . .

—Nothing happens? Or has everything happened,
And are we standing now, quietly, in the new life?

'THE LUMBER WAGONS'

The lumber wagons are already there.
—The pines and the wind have told us,
the golden moon has told us,
the smoke and the echo have told us . . .
They are the carts that go by
in these afternoons at dusk,
the lumber wagons carrying
the dead trees down from the mountain.
What a sound of crying from these carts
on the road to Pueblo Nuevo!
The oxen come along
in the starlight, daydreaming
about their warm stalls in the barn
smelling of motherhood and hay.
And behind the lumber wagons
the ox-drivers are walking,
the ox-prod on their shoulders,
and eyes watching the sky.
What a sound of crying from these carts
on the road to Pueblo Nuevo!
The dead trees as they move
through the calm of the fields
leave behind a fresh honest smell
like a heart thrown open.
The Angelus falls
from the steeple of the ancient town
over the stripped fields
which smell like a cemetery.
What a sound of crying from these carts
on the road to Pueblo Nuevo!

DAWNS OF MOGUER

The silver poplars
rising out of the fog!
The lonesome wind there
moving over the dark
marsh—an earthquake
that is not real—and Huelva,
stretched out, far away, rose-colored!
Above the sea, toward La Rabida,
in the moist pear-gray
of the sky, with the night
still cold behind its crude dawn—
a horizon of pines—
cold behind its white dawn,
the baffled moon!

ROAD

They all are asleep, below.
Above, awake,
the helmsman and I.

He, watching the compass needle, lord
of the bodies, with their keys turned
in the locks. I, with my eyes
toward the infinite, guiding
the open treasures of the souls.

DAWN OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS

You can see the face of everything, and it is white—
plaster, nightmare, adobe, anemia, cold—
turned to the east. Oh closeness to life!
Hardness of life! Like something
in the body that is animal—root, slag-ends—
with the soul still not set well there—
and mineral and vegetable!
Sun standing stiffly against man,
against the sow, the cabbages, the mud wall!
—False joy, because you are merely
in time, as they say, and not in the soul!

The entire sky taken up
by moist and steaming heaps,
a horizon of dung piles.
Sour remains, here and there,
of the night. Slices
of the green moon, half-eaten,
crystal bits from false stars,
plaster, the paper ripped off, still faintly
sky-blue. The birds
not really awake yet, in the raw moon,
streetlight nearly out.
Mob of beings and things!
—A true sadness, because you are really deep
in the soul, as they say, not in time at all!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Melancholy Monument

RANDALL JARRELL: The Complete Poems. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 507 pp. $10.*

HAYDEN CARRUTH

Mr. Carruth is a poet, novelist and critic. His most recent book is a study of Camus, After the Stranger *(Macmillan).*

Randall Jarrell was a romanticist of the generation which came to adulthood during the miserable 1930s in a society whose most active intellectual centers were dominated by the thought and style of T. S. Eliot and, behind him, of Irving Babbitt. Jarrell reacted as did the others. He launched into a search for a way out of the social and cultural order which seemed to him, and which was, superannuated. More than this, he launched—in spite of his Southern politesse, for he was born in Nashville and graduated from Vanderbilt—with an eagerness that was virtually demoniacal. Among his romantic contemporaries, he was an especially pure example of the type—at least so I have always thought. He was what Jacques Barzun has called an *intrinsic* romanticist; that is, a figure existing outside the primary epoch of European romanticism but still exhibiting the romanticist's primary characteristics.

What these are is open to question. But leaving aside the secondary characteristics, such as the romanticist's commitments to freedom, to individualism, to irrationalism, etc., certainly one of his primary characteristics is his hang-up between man's power and man's misery, between the vision of glory and the experience of degradation. "Man is born free; and everywhere he is in chains." In his youth this was precisely the paradox that Jarrell saw in the world around him: at the top a culture oriented toward tradition and devoted to the methodical delectation of aesthetic splendor, at the bottom a society sick in every member, vitiated by pain and injustice. As the 1930s advanced—Harlan County, Abyssinia, Detroit, Spain—the realities were unmistakable. But so were Jarrell's longings. For years the commonest locution in his poems was the phrase "and yet . . ." uttered sometimes wistfully, sometimes mordantly, sometimes in hollow despair.

To surmount this impasse the romanticist seeks a faith, or at least a synthesis, which will define and accommodate both sides of the paradox. Historically speaking, few have managed it, especially among the poets. Probably the commonest way out has been through radical social action, based on Hegelian concepts of history. For poets a surer but much more difficult course has been the ascent from romantic agony to genuine tragic vision, which in turn destroys its own romantic base by imposing upon it the classical order of the tragic world. The great example, of course, is Goethe. In our own time we have the smaller but very instructive case of Theodore Roethke. He began with a verbal and mental style different from Jarrell's, granted, but with much the same poetic materials, the same view of nature and human reality; but he converted them into an at least sporadically consistent tragic vision. Roethke continued to write with more and more depth of feeling until he died, while Jarrell, almost exactly contemporary, dwindled away into fragments and exercises.

Not that Jarrell didn't try. Social action was effectively denied him, since his connection with the amorphous, self-doubting radicalism of the *Partisan Review* was doomed from the start to futility. Apparently conventional religious faith was also inaccessible to him. But he tried other means of escape, especially by pursuing romantic revulsion to its logical ends in dream and fantasy. Time and again he constructed elaborate dream visions, Germanic—not to say Gothic—in style, from within which he looked out at the "dream" of the waking world and denounced it. But the stress of actuality always supervened. Jarrell was sane, excruciatingly sane, and he could never secure his dream beyond the limits of a few separate, though quite splendid, poems.

Similarly he tried, but only half-heartedly, to commit himself to the mystique of creative impunity, to the expressionistic anti-world of style and imagination; he tried to give himself, not to the meretricious elites of Gottfried Benn and Wyndham Lewis (he was too radical for that) but to the commonalty of alienated poets—troubadours, dandies—preserved against social, moral and metaphysical blight by the self-sustaining integrity of their creative endeavor. In a few passages he sounds surprisingly like Vachel Lindsay. But it is noteworthy that Jarrell's most consistent statement of these ideas occurs in neither his poetry nor his criticism but in a story for children, *The Bat Poet*. He didn't believe it himself. Jarrell simply could not forgo the exquisite anguish of his dual attachment to vision and experience. In the end he was left in the wilderness of romantic nihilism with no base but sensibility.

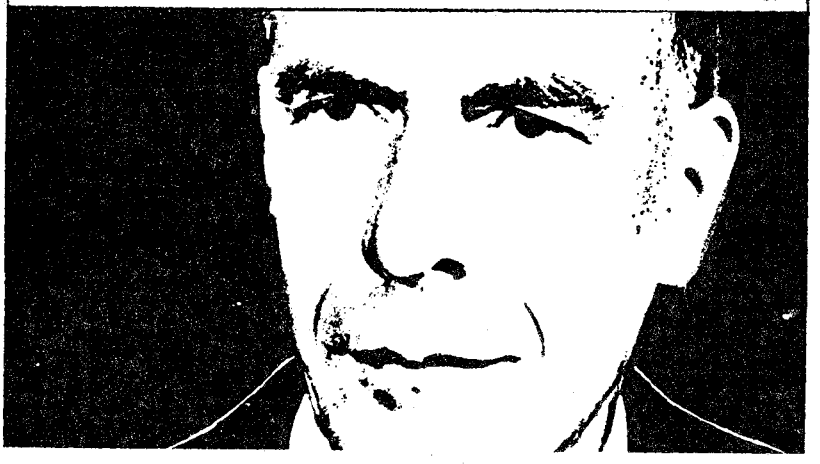
The results are evident. In his criti-

John Kenneth Galbraith

How to Control the Military

During fiscal 1968, the Pentagon awarded over 57% of the nation's defense contracts (24 billion dollars worth) without competitive bidding. Today, nearly 700 generals, admirals and navy captains are employed by the ten largest defense contractors. Citing these facts in the midst of the continuing ABM controversy and the ever-escalating arms race, John Kenneth Galbraith gives a concise history of how the "military-industrial complex" in America has grown to overwhelming size and power. Most important of all, he proposes ten steps we can take *now* to break it up. $3.95 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eism Jarrell gave us vibrant readings of individual poets, Frost, Williams and others, but no theoretical statement of importance. In the last twenty years of his poetry, although the dream poems and a few others are interesting, he fell more and more into fragmentary utterance, false starts, scraps and notes, and into set pieces—"story poems" and "character poems," updated Robert Frost—that lacked the verve of his youthful work. Then, too, there was the endless translating and retranslating of the German poets, especially Rilke. What Jarrell needed, apparently, in order to write successfully, was an occasion which gave him not only the reality of an episode and the framework in which to place it but a certain distance from the complexity of the ordinary world; and the only sustained occasion of this kind which occurred in his life was World War II. Jarrell's war poems are his best in every sense. They are the most alive poetically, the most consistent thematically.

All this is what I have thought for some years, and in reading *The Complete Poems* I find it confirmed. The book would be a melancholy monument at best. Here is Randall Jarrell complete and completed, the same Randall Jarrell who so enlivened our literary and social consciences only a short time ago; at least the time must seem short to readers of my generation. Now he is stuffed in a great fat tome, for the dusty corner of a low shelf, to be looked at once and then forgotten. Well, the poems deserve far better. Some of them are great.

The book contains all Jarrell's poems from his previous books, plus three additional sections: one for new work written between his last book and his death, a second for poems published in magazines but not previously collected, the third for earlier unpublished poems. It is, we are made to understand, complete. But curiously it is the only book of its kind that I know in which we discover no hint of the person upon whose authority we are to accept either its completeness or its other attributions; it has no editor; which accounts for the unusual form of the headnote to this review. I have given the bibliographical data as they appear on the title page, and nothing further can be learned from the book or its dust jacket.

We have, then, a considerable bulk of poetry, in which the war poems make a distinct, superior unit. They are not many, perhaps thirty or forty altogether, but even if they were fewer they would be a remarkable achievement. How anyone could write while soldiering is difficult to understand; as one who went through the war unable to write a word, I can only marvel. But Jarrell had been writing for nearly ten years before America entered the war. His early poems are sometimes mannered or imitative, and often artificially opaque; but from the first, as nearly as one can tell, he wrote with ease, and suffered none of the verbal embarrassment customary among young poets. When the war came he already possessed a developed poetic vocabulary and a mastery of forms. Under the shock of war his mannerisms fell away. He began to write with stark, compressed lucidity.

Nowadays we commonly hear critics declare that World War II produced no memorable poetry. Even a critic as acute as George Steiner has said that the poetry of 1940-45 is without "the control of remembrance achieved by Robert Graves or Sassoon" in 1914-18 (*The Death of Tragedy*). To this I can only reply that if I know what "control of remembrance" means, in my experience the poems of Jarrell have it, and they have it pre-eminently. I am certain that other readers of my age, those who were there, find in these poems of soldiers and civilians, the dead, wounded and displaced, the same truth that I do.

Warfare gave Jarrell the antagonist he needed; not fate, not history, not the state, not metaphysical doubt but all these rolled into one—The War—that brute momentous force sweeping a bewildered generation into pathos, horror and death. Today our young dissenters and resisters sometimes ask us why we didn't resist too, why we were willing to go along with the militarists. Shamefacedly and unsuccessfully, we try to explain that willingness had nothing to do with the matter. But we needn't try; it is all there in Jarrell's poems. Cannot they be republished separately—and *cheaply*—with a proper introduction and editorial notes where needed? It would be a benefaction to all concerned. The irresistibility of the war, the suffering of its victims, Americans, Germans, Japanese—Jarrell wrote it all with equal understanding, equal humane sympathy. And he wrote it then, there, at that time and in those places, with power, spontaneity and perfect conviction. Against what I have already said about his poetry, I must in basic honesty conclude with an amendment: in his powerful war poems Randall Jarrell did rise, as if in spite of himself and at the command of a classical force outside his own consciousness, to his moment of tragic vision.

Pieces of a Broken Mirror

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER. *By James Wright. Wesleyan University Press. 43 pp. $4. Paper $2.*

THE NAOMI POEMS. *By Bill Knott. Follett Publishing Co. 64 pp. $3.95. Paper $2.45.*

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig teaches at Columbia University. He is the author of The Heresy of Self-Love: A Study of Subversive Individualism *(Basic Books).*

A generous fantasy has enlivened American poetry during these past years. With the help of our poets, and of writers like Norman Mailer, we have come to recognize, shudderingly, that what we see writ large in the brutal events of the day is but a shadow of the personal script of our shyest secrets. A traffic jam blurred by exhaust clouds becomes a mental event; a political demonstration, a place to live out dream gestures; a war, a bog of secret self-discoveries.

I think of the river James Wright describes in his new book. It has two shores, "The one in hell, the other/ In Bridgeport Ohio." We straddle the river between hell and Ohio. Between our personal carbon monoxide, and that dull street in America where we are waiting for all the lights to change. But what if we are the river, flowing between the inner and the outer shore? Is that perhaps what Mr. Wright is telling us? Like any likely river, we need both shores if we are to have a name, a shape, and a hope to bear up our end of civilization, which needs bearing up.

So many of the poems in James Wright's new book are attempts at prayer: enormously quiet, as if they hoped to pass *underneath* the jarred noises of the rooms, fields, streets and cities where they are spoken. They plead and thank, but for uncertain gifts. The grace they implore has a hard, almost bitter edge to it: "Men have a right to thank God for their loneliness." Wright's poems are the prayers of a man longing to be forgotten; for whom the emptiness of the Midwestern heaven has become strangely, unexpectedly consoling:

> *The Sixth Day remained evening, deepening further down,*
> *Further and further down, into night, a wounded black angel*
> *Forgotten by Genesis.*

The book's title, *Shall We Gather At The River*, brings to mind an old prayer meeting: people huddled near a prairie stream, made small by the endless flat spaces and by the uncomplicated hugeness of the sky. Their prayers will have a long way to travel. Under such a sky

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more faith will be needed than in some intricate church building. But the title also asks a question. Shall we gather at the river? What is it worth to pray when my voice can only measure the blank space it has failed to penetrate? "I am afraid of my own prayers," says Wright, perhaps because they draw close to him, for a moment, the windy emptiness that has consumed them. The poem, "A Prayer To The Lord Ramakrishna," ends:

No!
I kneel down, naked, and ask forgiveness,
A cold drizzle blows into the room,
And my shoulders flinch to the bone.
You have nothing to do wit
Sleep on.

The God will not wake up. Wright will continue to inscribe his prayers, wishing they were "grass," scraping them "on the wall of the drunk tank," with a "raw fingernail." Never will he know if his prayers are reaching far; if his despair has taken wing or if, instead, it has become a mirror in which he discovers the persona of his poems: a skeleton, a "full blooded Sioux Indian," a "red spider," a bum drowned in a suck hole: the unknown faces of himself.

Wright's imagination is most comfortable in this world of surreal explorations. The solid answers of heaven may be doubtful; but the other eye—the spiritual, third eye—flickers quietly open in this space of lyrical secrets.

The most successful poems in *Shall We Gather At The River*, make quiet, free-wheeling movements between Wright's private space of "white birds," a space piled high "with the secrets of the wheat and the mysterious lives/ Of the unnamed poor," and those angular streets of Minneapolis or Chicago where, he tells us, there are men "who labor dawn after dawn/ To sell me my death." Faced with the emptiness of the God who "sleeps on," Wright turns timidly toward the abyss, toward those dread companions, his own fearful identities. And they do not fail him. His search is painful, and the poems set a mood of quiet despair. When the poet looks outward, he sees a place where "a cop's palm/ Is a roach dangling down the scorched fangs/ Of a light bulb." It is the haunted public place, shaped like a dream of paranoia. And yet it is not a dream, for the fears are real. America has enlarged the intricate madness, giving us "Highschool backfields (that) search under benches/ Near the Postoffice. Their faces are the rich/ Raw bacon without eyes."

But when Wright opens the spiritual eye, it too sees deadly images, as in "Three Sentences For A Dead Swan," part of which I quote:

Now one after another I let the black scales fall
From the beautiful black spine
Of this lonesome dragon that is born on the earth at last,
My black fire,
Ovoid of my darkness,
Machine-gunned and shattered hillsides of yellow trees
In the autumn of my blood where the apples
Purse their wild lips and smirk knowingly
That my love is dead.

The machine guns, the shattered hillsides have detached themselves from the gross warnings of newspaper, TV and radio, becoming part of an inward language. They describe how the poet has rediscovered all the wars housed in his own small world. America and he understand each other, as they lay waste the land. And yet the poet's voice contains an art of survival, for it has reopened the connections between the inner and the outer violence.

Poems like "The Minneapolis Poem," "Before A Cashier's Window In A Department Store," "Willie Lyons," "In Memory Of Leopardi," "To The Muse" (these are only a few), cross between the two worlds with ghostly smoothness. They explore both shores of the river that flows between hell and Bridgeport, Ohio; between personal madness, and "the rich raw bacon without eyes."

Shall We Gather At The River is, in many ways, James Wright's strongest book. By dint of sheer labor—the kind of spiritual labor Kierkegaard meant when he wrote: "He who does the work becomes his own father"—he has hardened and shaped the despairing moments described by his poems. What might have been self-pity has undergone a change into clear, strong poetry. Also impressive is how Wright has managed, so often, to rise above the modish style of surrealist pastoral elegy which he himself, along with Robert Bly, had done so much to create. How far beyond it he has moved can be seen by comparing the few poems in this new book where the old style still appears with the many poems I have cited.

To write poetry today is to hold up pieces of a broken mirror. The believable forms have been ground to bits by a century of millstones. Now fragments of the self crawl over a living rubble of culture. To taste the wholeness of his experience, the poet must carry the mirror very close, dangerously close. What he sees in it will be scarcely visible: not a procession of worldly forms but the hub of a spiritual wheel whose center is *me*, and whose outer rim is everywhere. His poem will be "fantastic," "surreal," "metaphoric," "fragmented" or dubiously "unpoetic"; a jagged yet necessary fiction, like a chemical element still to be discovered, though a gap in the psychic chart tells us it must be there. The poem is a tentative theory of the missing element, a sketch of what it would be like if the void were filled. (Do we yet understand the role of "emptyness" in poetry? Baudelaire's ennui, the stoic ataraxy, i.e., that mysterious Eastern ability to *wait and see*, when the psychic wheels have exhausted their inertia and, for a moment, are still, before the horses of the blood have kicked them into motion again.)

Bill Knott's first book, *The Naomi Poems*, is one of the most elusive and unusual collections by a young poet. It is elusive because Mr. Knott holds the sharp edges of the mirror so close to the reader and to the world that we do not recognize at once what we are seeing. Elusive also because Knott's poetry is uneven, though in the way of honesty. We are given the whole experiment to undergo: the sharp lyricism, but also, intermingled, the clumsiness, the poetic afterbirth. In a way, *The Naomi Poems* is not a good book, if by that we mean

THE ROBERT BLY NUMBER OF TENNESSEE POETRY JOURNAL

features new poems

—articles by

William Matthews, Frank Steele, and others, with a one-word contribution by James Dickey

—a long interview

$1.50 a copy, postpaid; or **$3.00** with three-issue subscription, including **STAFFORD**

THE WILLIAM STAFFORD ISSUE, with many new poems and an article by **Paul Ramsey,** is ready; prices as above.

John Ridland's

ODE ON VIOLENCE (paperback) is ready . . . **$2.50** postpaid

Tennessee Poetry Press
P. O. Box 196
Martin, Tennessee, 38237

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a solid achievement of rhetoric and sensibility. It does not always reshape the language it has unsettled. Its best moments are often fragmentary: a stanza, some unforgettable lines. But Knott can reach further in a line than many poets can in a book. The mill wheels have ground his language, his life perhaps, into the smallest pieces. But he has learned—at what cost?—to gather images from the broken world, and to recompose them with a kind of visionary wisdom:

Bloodspurts lessening . . . hoofbeats
of animals
stalked to their birth by the sun, fade.
It is a bright
edgeless morning, like a knife that to
be cleaned
is held under a vein.

. . . . . .

Isadora I write this poem
On my shroud, when my home village
walks out to harvest.
Bread weeps as you break it gently
into years.

Not many poets have *seen* so simply, so convincingly! Many of Knott's best poems flicker briefly in the psychic emptiness, and then withdraw, shaped by their momentary insight. They are some of the finest short poems I know. Grappling with fragments, Knott has discovered a form sensitive to the smallest movements of the psyche. I quote a few of the short poems:

Poem

Alright if I have to be famous let it be
for this great
starfish-shield I made
And the sands of her face drift over
her body

Death

Going to sleep, I cross my hands on
my chest.
They will place my hands like this.
It will look as though I am flying into
myself.

Hair Poem

Hair is heaven's water flowing eerily
over us
Often a woman drifts off down her
long hair and is lost

The Naomi Poems, subtitled "corpse and beans," are attributed on the cover of the book to St. Geraud, a pseudonym, but also a character whose existence *is* the poems he wrote. Paul Carroll, in his preface, tells us that St. Geraud was originally a character in an anonymous piece of 18th-century French pornography. It is a troubling irony, for the new St. Geraud's poems are chaste, so chaste that they create a kind of fear in the reader, a feel of vulnerability, as if the voice of the poems were dying, as if these were his last words. Each poem is like an epitaph. What is more, we are told that St. Geraud is dead. Bill Knott's next book will have to be written by someone else. A dream of self-destruction moves through *The Naomi Poems*, as if the book itself had killed St. Geraud, perhaps in order that Bill Knott may survive. I like to think that "Widow's Winter," one of the finest poems in the volume, is Bill Knott's adieu to St. Geraud, and his quietly spoken welcome to the world:

Outside,
the snow is falling into its past. . .
I do want this night to end.
In the fireplace,
a section of ash caves in.

The fall day you were buried
birds went over,
south,
thick enough to carry someone.
They took my gapes of breath
—their fuel?
We are together in some birds, who
fail?

I didn't even want to look at your
grave,
its heroic little mound
like the peck of dirt we hope to eat in
our life. . .

It is a bitter, realistic welcome. Yet the harshness of the last stanza describes an act of recognition which will arm the poet. Bill Knott is at his strongest in such poems which survive like bulwarks in a dream of suicide.

Sojourner of the Self

NOTEBOOK 1967-68. *By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 161 pp. $6.*

JEROME MAZZARO

Mr. Mazzaro is in the English Department at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He is the author of a book of poems, Changing the Windows *(Ohio University Press) and of* The Poetic Themes of Robert Lowell *(University of Michigan Press).*

Some years ago, Robert Lowell complained to Alfred Alvarez of "the monotony of the sublime" in American culture. "Even the minor poet," he indicated, "reaches for the sublime." A year later, as part of the same complaint, he told Stanley Kunitz: "You wouldn't write poetry unless you felt it had some chance of lasting. But if you get too concerned about posterity, you're in danger of becoming pompous and fraudulent. The poet needs to keep turning to something immediate and alive . . . something impertinent, engaging, unOlympian." *For the Union Dead* was supposed to have been that turn, but, even more than it, *Notebook 1967-68* represents the corrective for Alexandrian postures.

It chooses for its form the journal and, like Gide's, Lowell's fourteen-line, blank verse entries "represent considerably more than a notebook filled with confessions, acts of literary repentance and raw material for future works." As far as his scrupulous revising permits, they represent an exercise in "spontaneous rapid composition." This composition, he explains in his "Afterthought," though intended as neither chronicle nor almanac, "rolls with the seasons": the separate poems and sections opportunist and inspired by impulse, the subjects accidental, and the whole a single poem "jagged in structure." The result is a remarkable book—one of Lowell's three best and one which should greatly influence the direction of poetry to come.

The subjects of the book are not new. They deal with the decline of the West in general biographic terms paralleling the seasons and the ages of man, the failure of the idea of progress, the loss of Christianity, the mechanization and dehumanization of the modern world, the tensions of family life. In this connection, he reprints "In the Cage" from *Lord Weary's Castle*, revisions of "Night Sweat," "Caligula," and "New York 1962: Fragment" from *For the Union Dead*, revisions of "1958" and "For Theodore Roethke: 1908-1963" from *Near the Ocean*, and includes lines and half-lines from many earlier poems. And though, as Lowell writes, he seems to have felt mostly "the joys of living," what he records, "thanks to the gift of the Muse" along with an assist from Freud's "reality principle," is the pain. As one of his voices announces in "Rats," "Only man is miserable." Out of this misery come love, war and art.

Here, one might argue, the influence of Randall Jarrell's Arnoldianism is less couched than in other volumes. For it is out of misery, too, that Jarrell in "Seele im Raum" draws his inclinations to the future and, like Jarrell, Lowell proffers as the future's key a secular imitation of Christ, "our only king without a sword." The imitation may be accomplished imaginatively through art since Christ is the Word or, as "Joinville and Louis IX" suggests, through Christly acts. Like the ghosts that haunt Jarrell's poems, those who succeed remain as guides for those struggling.

For both poets, the struggle is part of an assumed evolutionary drift toward less imperfection wherein man, ignorant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POWER OF THE PENTAGON

Historic Dialogue on Foreign Policy and National Priorities

Now published in a special issue of

The Progressive

It is yours as a bonus with a special half-price subscription—
12 months for $3

The hitherto off-the-record proceedings of the recent Congressional Conference on the Military Budget and National Priorities mark an historic milestone in open, hard-hitting discussion. The dialogue brilliantly illuminates some of the most compelling issues confronting the country today:

- **The Militarization of Foreign Policy**
- **The Showdown over ABM and Other Aspects of Missile Madness**
- **How the Military-Industrial Complex Works**
- **The High Price of Pentagon Secrecy**
- **The Urgent Need for Civilian Control of the Military**
- **The Truth about the So-Called Missile Gaps**
- **The Lessons of Vietnam and the extent to which swollen military budgets are distorting our priorities through miserably funded budgets for domestic needs.**

PARTICIPANTS

J. KENNETH GALBRAITH
SEN. GEORGE McGOVERN
ARTHUR LARSON
SEN. J. W. FULBRIGHT
HANS MORGENTHAU
SEN. GAYLORD NELSON
GEN. WILLIAM W. FORD
REP. BENJAMIN ROSENTHAL
RICHARD GOODWIN
HERBERT YORK
MARCUS RASKIN
REP. ROBERT KASTENMEIER
ADAM WALINSKY
REP. WILLIAM RYAN
JEREMY STONE
REP. PHILLIP BURTON
FRED WARNER NEAL
REP. DONALD FRASER
GEORGE KISTIAKOWSKY
REP. JOHN CONYERS
CHARLES SCHULTZE
REP. DON EDWARDS
RICHARD BARNET
REP. RICHARD McCARTHY
GEORGE KAHIN
REP. GEORGE BROWN JR.
RICHARD FALK
REP. ABNER MIKVA
REP. LESTER WOLFF
SEN. WILLIAM B. SAXBE
REP. BOB ECKHARDT
REP. ROBERT L. LEGGETT
LEN RODBERG
GEORGE RATHJENS

Subscribe now—get your copy as a bonus

AMONG RECENT WRITERS

HARRISON SALISBURY	MORTON MINTZ
JAMES FARMER	SEN. EUGENE McCARTHY
CHARLES V. HAMILTON	HAL BORLAND
SIDNEY LENS	DR. ROBERT COLES
JAMES BALDWIN	KAY BOYLE
RALPH NADER	JAMES A. WECHSLER
SEN. GAYLORD NELSON	MILTON MAYER

FULL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Your $3 will be refunded promptly anytime you are not satisfied.

SPECIAL HALF-PRICE OFFER
only $3 for 12 monthly issues
plus The Power of The Pentagon

The Progressive 422 W. Gorham Madison, Wis. 53703

Yes—send me The Progressive for 12 months for only $3 with a full money-back guarantee, plus The Power of the Pentagon.

☐ $3 enclosed ☐ Bill me

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of God and God's plan, is disregarded while the species is preserved and women fulfill their roles through propagation. The last line of "The River God," with its lepers dying to preserve the state, even echoes the dying gunner in the final line of Jarrell's "The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner." But, whereas Jarrell trusted to God to realize the plan, Lowell, as Jarrell once pointed out, "sometimes doesn't have enough trust in God and tries to do everything himself." This lapse in trust posits a world which in its Caesarism and its notions of a survival of the fittest and of charity assumes a more Spencerian and Schopenhauerian cast than does Jarrell's.

The volume continues as well the dualistic view of the world which Lowell shares with many classic American writers. Its tensions of light and darkness, liberal and conservative, self and shadow, he has consistently acknowledged as part of his own nature. This dualism which in volumes like *Imitations* and *The Voyage* once shaped a diction that pitted word against word here restricts itself to a series of similar or opposing images. Wall stands against wall, for example, in "Two Walls," or, in "The March," the protesters "like green Union Army recruits" oppose "the other army, the Martian" and "his new-fangled rifle, his new green steel helmet."

What is new and hence startling in the book are its techniques. The journal or rather "false" journal form creates a "false" Lowell through observations, reminiscences, thoughts and opinions carefully doctored to appear complete while at the same time personal and natural. The form strikes one immediately as a 20th-century equivalent to the epistle which Alexander Pope fashioned on Horace in the 18th century to escape the empty formalism of his day. It also strikes one as Lowell's daylight, conscious equivalent to John Berryman's dream song which by being nocturnal and subconscious works through dream and wit. The form introduces a way of getting more of life into poetry, along with an opacity in which there is a total disappearance of the image in the fog of personal and daily experience—only to have the image waft back eventually into vividness.

The technique opposes the meditational structure of Lowell's early poetry, where he tried to put himself into the very spot where the event occurred by visualizing every minute detail. Thus, for example, in a poem like "Long Summer," the vaporish, confused closeness of a two-month fog lifts briefly at one point to reveal:

> *—one second, bright*
> *as burning shavings, scattered bait and ptomaine*
> *caught by the gulls with groans like straining rope;*
> *windjammer pilgrims cowled in rubber hoods,*
> *making for harbor in their yellow bus.*

To this form, this going from existential nausea to freedom, Lowell adds a blank verse which in its rhythms and its collapses of syntax is uniquely his own. It is based upon a shifting ten- to eleven-syllable line with an unusual number of feminine endings that give to it a casual flow. Occasionally the line will expand or contract to handle more or fewer syllables, but always it manages to suggest the personal voice and commitment that has increasingly become Lowell's hallmark.

Lyrical Discourse

ASBESTOS PHOENIX. *By Ramon Guthrie. Funk & Wagnalls. 132 pp. $4.95.*

GERMAINE BREE

Miss Brée is Vilas Professor in the Institute for Research in the Humanities at the University of Wisconsin. She is the author of books on Proust, Gide and Camus, among others.

Suite, alba, canticle, cantata, rigadoon, doxology, oracle, ode, elegy, springsong, coda, recital, threne, dirge. . . . Poetry as voice, courses through the volume in rich patterns, a fierce many-faceted lyrical discourse of love, pain, rage, joy, memory and desolation. The first response—mine at least—is delight in Ramon Guthrie's mastery of rhythm, the rare variety and range of the modes of poetic discourse he can adopt, and yet always speak in his own voice directly in the poem. His easy familiarity with a long poetic past (French as well as English), an element of that mastery, never comes between us and the poem. From "Logos":

> *Untethered from words*
> *Poetry could be the most—*
> *or better say, the only—*
> *autonomous impulse in the world*

Untethered from words perhaps, but not from rhythm, which here seems primal; the words, truculent, exuberant, unforeseen, bring the substance with which it plays. Each poem is a dynamic, never a static, whole. From "Exegesis":

> *I consort with words only from sheer loneliness,*
> *as a lifer in solitary might welcome*
> *the companionship of a spider or a cockroach.*

One sees of course the passion and the paradox. For Guthrie's joy—sometimes flamboyant—in words can hardly be missed; the sudden unexpected Joycean puns and inventions, the alliterations so fantastic that one wonders how he manages to unleash and restrain them at will: witness the unabashedly funny poem entitled "Wunday the Worst of Weptober." One sees it too in the quasi-inexhaustible presence of figures and names drawn

LITERARY EDITOR

With this issue, Helen Yglesias retires from *The Nation* after more than three years of dedicated, creative work as literary editor; the magazine expresses its thanks for her contribution to its pages.

The incoming literary editor is Beverly Gross, who was brought to the editors' attention when she wrote "Culture and Anarchy: Little Reviews and Little Magazines" for the *Antioch Review*'s special issue (Spring 1969) on magazine publishing.

Miss Gross graduated from the University of Michigan in 1959 and received a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in 1966. She was fiction editor of the *Chicago Review* in 1962-64, and has published frequently in that magazine, as well as in the *South Atlantic Quarterly, Modern Language Quarterly* and other literary journals. *Fiction: Open and Closed Forms*, which she co-edited with Richard Giannone, will be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston next year.

Miss Gross has taught at Northwestern University, Vassar and Queens, from which last college she comes to *The Nation*.

Poetry Editor

Beginning July 1, Allen Planz will be *The Nation*'s poetry editor, succeeding John Logan in this rotating post. He is now selecting poetry for publication beginning in the fall.

A collection of Mr. Planz's poetry, *A Night For Rioting*, has just been published by The Swallow Press, and his verse has been appearing for some time in *Chelsea, Chicago Review, The Massachusetts Review, Poetry, The Nation* and elsewhere. In 1966, he won the New York YM-YWHA Poetry Center award for younger poets. Mr. Planz has taught at Hunter College, New York University and Queens College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from myth and legend, attuned to the poet's every mood, from the ribald to the despairing: Saint Budóc, Saint Cornély, Saint Winohk'l; Marsyas, Merlin, Caliban; Norns, Parcae, Siren; Vivian and the fiercely pursued, elusive Mélusine. "An immense curious learning," Alexander Laing has noted, "shuttles through *Asbestos Phoenix*." True. But concretely alive, bound to personal mood and theme, wedding legend to reality and reality to the timeless world of myth. Ramon Guthrie's technical virtuosity and vast knowledge are never an end in themselves, an excuse for self-indulgence. He is not an academic poet. So the figure of George Trockett—

two-hundred-fifty-odd tobacco-chewing pounds,
George Trockett in suspenders, brass collar button
and no collar, small blue ursine eyes asquint. . . .

has its place, "an Ajax drawn by Baskin," a "Titan in a Goya lithograph" or "Falstaff at a tea on Beacon Hill."

The world of *Asbestos Phoenix* is peopled with its own fauna and flora, vividly perceived, precisely etched: images of light and water, of birds, flowers, people, scenes, which like the figures culled from myth, art or history are summoned there by name, alive and germane to the poet's design.

A dragonfly
perched
with its angular four wings
and six abrupt
elbows on the dry summit of a stone.

Guthrie's world is concrete, sensuous, active. Underlying all is the poet's acute awareness that though words are there to people an unwilled solitude, yet

In instants when delight and anguish
cancel each other out in shrill conjunction
it happens

—moments when word and perception coincide. Guthrie intimately knows what Howard Nemerov called "an emotion of poetry . . . a rhythmic or patterned exaltation which takes up and transforms its complex material of feelings and objects....of which....the dominating traits are gaiety, energy, and control." Thence the force of the poet's desire and never terminated quest of that elusive, magic Mélusine. Guthrie is a poet who intends to sacrifice no part of his awareness, whether perception, imagination, or thought.

"Who but Guthrie would ever think of a 'stalled meteor'?" comments Laing of one of Guthrie's many quasi-surrealistic images that free the mind from its habitual moorings. Or of an "Asbestos Phoenix," an image Guthrie himself comments on. Poetry for him is, he tells us, a way to self-knowledge; a mirror in which he can decipher "what manner of animal" he is. "Feeling itself grow old," so runs the legend of the Phoenix, "this bird builds itself a pyre whereon it mounts and is consumed. On the ninth day thereafter it rises from its own ashes." Guthrie sees himself, "like most sentient human beings, a noncombustible Phoenix," who cannot either consume himself on the pyre or rise from his own ashes "after a nine day recess from existence": hence the paradox, the ridicule and the pain.

"Suite by the River," the first poem in the book, is a muted sensuous love poem, mysterious and delicate as the figures it evokes, the dragonfly, Mélusine and, absurd and poignant, the baffled "stalled meteor" forever distant from

whatever there is
to be distant from. . . .

The happiness and intimacy, the parting and the longing, are inescapably held together:

Sluiced by oncoming dawn
you are far
and near
shaped ivory whose gloss
lint of sleep a moment yet obscures

The same evanescent presence of exquisite images echoing in the memories emerging from long corridors of time are woven into the subtle "Pattern for a Brocade Shroud":

There was a fragrance of moss
....grants of moss
lichen pungency of dawn
....awn
herons standing in the fallow sedges
....shallow edges
of the lake.

"Feeling itself grow old": the past, time and, more cruelly ironical, the outrage of physical pain and the tête-à-tête with death, flame on the pyre of poetry. "So I spoke in a chorus of three different voices," begins a "Dialogue with the Sphinx"—

of a gun-shy banshee
of a landlocked merman
of Orpheus himself with a bad case
of laryngitis,....

One never knows in what form the poet's self will be mirrored back to us; nor in Guthrie's verse what shape will arise in answer to the voice. . . . And be held under the poet's sardonic eye, leaving no room for self-pity or deprecation.

In the volume, no figure perhaps is more absurd, tragic and deeply moving than Marsyas "in the intensive care ward," a setting "straight out of Jacques Callot by Hogarth," Marsyas, who can wrest from his double imprisonment—physical pain and solitude—the image of Brocéliande:

So name her Vivian. I, scarecrow Merlin,
our Brocéliande this frantic bramble of glass and rubber tubes and stainless steel....

This fierce contestation—not negation—of one reality by another, never relinquished, evidenced only in the poem, is Guthrie's own paradoxical realm, the "autonomous impulse" that binds together every mood and poem. The terrible reality of life is his essential concern.

The volume closes with four stringently satiric poems (one other too, a masterly translation, "The Reseda and the Rose," Louis Aragon's poem in memory of four Resistance dead) that punctuate our political past: "Homage to John Foster Dulles"; "Some of Us Must Remember"; "Scherzo for a Dirge," and from *Graffiti* the "Postlude: for Goya."

The poems collected in the volume, all but two, were, Guthrie informs us, composed between 1960 and 1968 and comprise about a third of the poetry he wrote in these years. Another volume, *Maximum Security Ward* is in preparation—a rich offering. *Asbestos Phoenix* alone would place Ramon Guthrie among the major poets of the mid-century.

Student power in China

The Cultural Revolution began at Peking University. Why? How did it start and how did it develop? In one of the most detailed accounts yet to appear, Victor Nee describes China's educational system and the student campaign to revolutionize it. Prior to book publication, "The Cultural Revolution at Peking University" appears in full as this summer's double issue. Send for your sample copy now.

MONTHLY REVIEW

Edited by Paul M. Sweezy and Harry Magdoff

Dept. 2 116 West 14 St. N.Y., N.Y. 10011
$7 a year students $5 (foreign add $1)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Politics of Poetry

ALEXANDER LAING

Mr. Laing wrote "The Nation *and Its Poets" for the magazine's one hundredth anniversary issue. His poetry has been published in* The New Yorker, The Atlantic Monthly, The Nation *and other periodicals. He is the author of* The Sea Witch *(Ballantine) and other books.*

HEAR THE WIND BLOW! Poems of Protest and Prophecy. *By John Beecher. International Publishers. 189 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.25.*

IN THE MECCA. *By Gwendolyn Brooks. Harper & Row. 54 pp. $4.95.*

COLLECTED POEMS 1915-1967. *By Kenneth Burke. University of California Press. 296 pp. $7.50.*

THE POETRY OF MY POLITICS. *By Walter Lowenfels. Olivant Press. 131 pp. $5.95.*

THE PORTABLE WALTER: From the Prose and Poetry of Walter Lowenfels. *Edited by Robert Gover. International Publishers. 160 pp. $5.95.*

In the good old days, when the New Criticism was middle-aged, Horace Gregory praised e. e. cummings for being "anti-political and against all forms of state tyranny." The quotation is picked up in *The Poetry of My Politics*, Volume II of an autobiography which Walter Lowenfels is stitching together out of swatches from his own past writings. Lowenfels could have demolished Gregory's critical silliness more quickly than he does, by analyzing the phrase quoted. To be "against all forms of state tyranny" is itself an unqualified political posture.

It is the politics of their poetry that brings these four writers within a common critical perimeter. New readers may need to be reminded of a surge of honors that welcomed the emergence of Gwendolyn Brooks, some twenty years ago, culminating in the 1950 Pulitzer Prize. Her sixth volume of poetry is political in the common sense, which recognizes politics as the means of affecting or halting social change. Her poems for Medgar Evers and Malcolm X deal with political murder, which can set a ghost walking, stronger than its first humanity.

In the Mecca is mostly given to the title poem's syncopated revelation of what it is like for more than 2,000 Negroes to live crammed into the 176 once luxurious apartments of "the Mecca," an enormous "showplace of Chicago" built in 1891. Miss Brooks, using at first a casual line structure, tightens it to quivering muscle as she guides us in search of a child vanished in the huge labyrinth that somewhere conceals its Minotaur:

She whose little stomach fought the world had
wriggled like a robin!

This poem's fierce judgment upon a society that so viciously impacts a part of itself is the better for doing without the explicit speech of the two elegies.

Lowenfels in his first chapter, "White Poetry Only," rebukes the segregation practiced by anthologists who select black poets only, labeled as such, or offer unlabeled gatherings that turn out to be lily white. Miss Brooks's credits indicate that segregation begins in the magazines. I cannot ask of her a finer poem, ever, than the slant-rhymed sonnet "Piano after War" in her first book, but *In the Mecca* verifies her impressive growth into a new prosody.

If the 1950s were characterized by beats and confessionals, the sixties have been marked by the grand looming up of earlier figures, eclipsed for a while by fashion or by their own reticence. John Hall Wheelock and Ramon Guthrie suddenly, past 70, have given us their vigorous best poems. Kenneth Burke, described in a standard compendium as having begun as a poet, spoke a farewell to poetry as definite as Rimbaud's in his secretive novel *Towards a Better Life* (1932). But it contains the statement, "Here is a promise: *resurgam!*" The promise was half-fulfilled in *The Book of Moments* (1955), which is now included, together with its perverse foreword, as the first third of *Collected Poems 1915-1967*. The perversity is in the foreword's *"doctrinal"* toying with the political poet's need for a devil's advocate who nevertheless does not appear in the poems that follow—and a good thing too.

That two-thirds of these poems were written in the past twelve years is evidence enough of the poet unleashed at high maturity, but the "critic's critic" has not been put down. He apologizes for pieces that "would profit best by a collective situation in which they might prop one another." I find myself wishing that the synthesist of a grammar and a rhetoric of motives had devoted his central genius to the coalescing of many more of these evocative "paragraphs," as he calls them, into final poetry. There are no false starts here. Thank the critic for that.

I am aware of having had a reader's quarrel only once with E. M. Forster, over his essay on anonymity. It has always seemed to me that the absolute warrant of a work of art is its unmistakable reflection of a unique individual who created it. Forty years ago Walter Lowenfels and a friend tried to start yet another literary movement in Paris with their anonymously produced pamphlet: *Anonymity*. It did not work—and Burke's only half-intended poetical anonymity has not worked either. The impishly particularizing human being—who has blocked himself from being one of our best poets—is defined with a new shape by all these bits. When some of them are brought to bear upon a single focus they prop one another deftly. Witness two stanzas from different parts of the poem, "The Great Debate":

To expunge a one-day fly
be quick.
Spare it interminable seconds
of long-lingering torture.

. . .

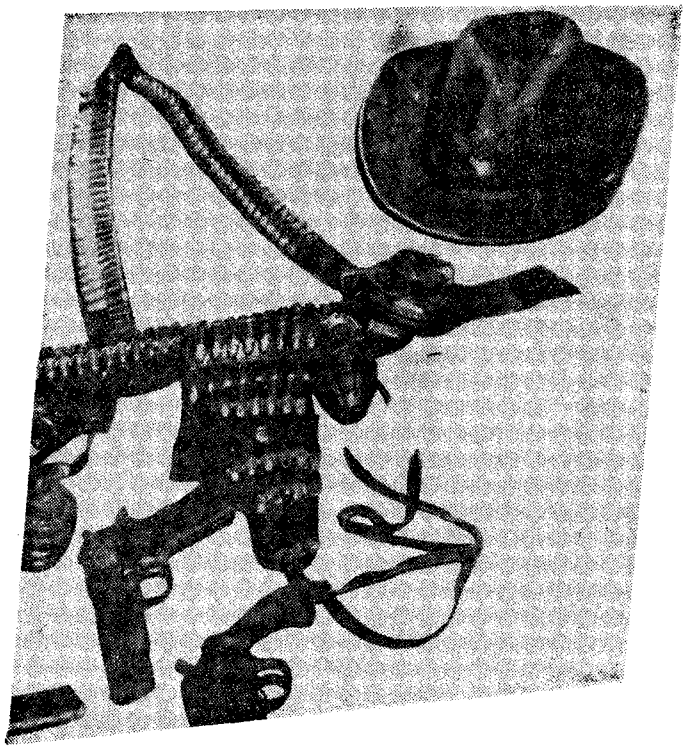
Give us an honorable peace
And we'll stop
Our dishonorable war.

When Burke reminds us, once in a while, that rhyme and meter can still be a surprising joy, be wary of his impulse—as in "Sand, Sea, Sky"—to give us a compensating swift kick in the grammar in his last line. The five calligraphic pages of Flowerishes are reprinted here, with four new ones. Sample: "Poets with little to say learn to write as though guarding a secret."

John Beecher has no such problem. If presented anonymously his work would loom as the strong, angry speech of a 20th-century abolitionist—the impassioned outcome of evident physical confrontations with the several sorts of bleak scoundrels who profit from the degradation of their fellow men. "After Eighty Years," a 14-page poem upon which this book pivots, was timed from the Emancipation Proclamation to Beecher's service in World War II as a merchant seaman in the integrated freighter *Booker T. Washington* under a Negro skipper. The poem was published in 1945 as a chapter of *All the Brave Sailors*, Beecher's prose account of that experience. *Here I Stand* had announced the poet in 1941, and there have been other books—no intentional anonymity.

In an introduction to *Hear the Wind Blow!*, Maxwell Geismar suggests that Beecher's lack of recognition relates to the preoccupation of the literary establishment "whether paid-off or voluntary" with a concept of the "Free World" that found the implications awkward. Somewhat. Pressures that keep Pete Seeger and Joan Baez a little off center in the great American spotlight would work more definitely against Beecher be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



No,
I don't
laugh
at death.
It's just
that I'm
not afraid to die
among
birds
and trees.

The words of a 19th-century romantic, "dying" for the love of a lady? No, the words of a 20th-century guerrilla fighter, Javier Heraud, who was shot to death at the age of 21.

OUR WORD is a beautifully presented collection of contemporary poetry, most of which has not appeared here before, written by Latin American guerrilla fighters, including Ernesto "Che" Guevara. The poems and introductory remarks appear in both the original Spanish and in English translation.

Hear **OUR WORD,** translated and edited by Edward Dorn and Gordon Brotherston. Subscribe now to The NATION and we will send you this remarkable book as a gift.

The good fight is now in THE NATION —Why not join now?

THE NATION 333 Sixth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10014

☐ I'll join you for 1 year (48 issues). I enclose $10 and understand you'll send me free **OUR WORD,** edited by Edward Dorn and Gordon Brotherston.

☐ I'll try you for 6 months (24 issues). Enclosed is $6. (Add $1 per year postage for Canada & Mexico; $2 other foreign.)

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....Zip .....

N 7-7

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause he is relentlessly harsh, never an entertainer. But if this was a dominant factor it was abetted by other preoccupations of mid-century criticism: a symbolism insulated from external reality, and the deep plunge into self. Neither aspect interests Beecher. His usual methods are scalding, short, objective portraits and plain narratives: the ten lines of "A Dixie Hero," or the twelve of "Chainey," performing both functions. The latter, telling of an ex-convict, ends:

We capering white brats
dogged her around, mocking that tethered gate.
She shambled rolling-eyed down every street
in Birmingham, mumbling of "Jedgment." All
our minds were shackled by her chain and ball.

Beecher, emerging into some notice in his middle 60s, acknowledges the help, in assembling his new book, of Lowenfels, whose first book appeared in 1925 and who said farewell to poetry more emphatically than Burke did, at about the same time. From 1940 to 1955 Lowenfels reported for and edited the coal fields edition of *The Daily Worker*, until he was convicted under the Smith Act of conspiracy to pull down the republic. His "Speech to the Court," which the impartial judge called a "pretense . . . mocking the American concept of justice," pointed out that the documentation of his subversion did not include a single word he had written, in books or in *The Daily Worker*. The speech is reprinted in *The Portable Walter*, revised and shortened from the form of its 1955 appearance in *Masses & Mainstream*.

"While Marxists [*sic*] experts from the FBI occupied the witness stand," Lowenfels worked on a sonnet sequence, a bourgeois sort of thing to do. His consequent *Sonnets of Love and Liberty* carries a 6-page note on the form as traditional as T. W. H. Crosland's thick volume, still prescribed by English Departments. Only two of thirty-four sonnets survive into the selection "edited" by Robert Gover, a rowdy, successful young writer who has found himself a hero.

A humdrum editor is what Lowenfels needs most as he ruffles through the records of what he calls "My Many Lives." Gover, who denies being a critic, is therefore ill equipped to act as editor —but in the self-edited *Poetry of My Politics* the author also serves himself badly. Truncated letters refer to matters known long ago to writer and recipient, but to hardly anyone now. The amassing of scraps creates repetitions. "Human tradition" on page 38 is 5,000 years old, on page 45 it "goes back hundreds of thousands"—a difference of some consequence in one who on page 66 asserts the "inexorable laws" of Marxist history. The name of Howard Fast was deleted from "Speech to the Court," understandably. When it came to snitching on friends, Lowenfels did not join the puling band who regretted their salad days of unchasteness with the Left. But if there was to be political revision of the record, much more would have been justifiable for reasons of logic and clarity.

Lowenfels has never quite sorted himself out as a poet either. Returning to poetry in the later fifties he did a little mining of his early work. "To Certain Poets," published in *The Nation* twelve years ago, was a section of his fine elegy to Apollinaire, printed in Paris in 1930. In many of the recent poems he uses deftly the jargon of the space-age technicians, but as a surface skin rather than an appropriate outgrowth of the poem's core. By contrast with Beecher's immediacy, Lowenfels, who filled his reporter's notebook at the struck pitheads, seems more at home with Ludwig Wittgenstein and Giordano Bruno. He does best in the love poems, best of all in those addressed to his wife, whose sudden semi-paralysis began one of his many lives. Nothing in Beecher is more direct than Lowenfels' poem on taking a bath in these circumstances:

you hold the shower rail
and I hold you
and what love
can be purer or cleaner

"From an Exposition of Power and Industrial Machinery" is a mocking, small miracle of letting jargon speak foolishly for itself.

Concluding his introduction, Gover says, "to have Walter, the American Communist, tell about himself in his own way will interest those of my countrymen who have never been directly exposed to an American Communist." This recalled to me an occasion at the cold-war's origins, about twenty years ago, when I welcomed a visiting academic speaker who was to enlighten a course with which I was connected on the subject: "World Communism." To make conversation I asked if he knew a friend of mine, a Communist playwright, who lived in his city. "You know," he said, looking at me oddly, "to the best of my knowledge I've never been in the same room with a real live Communist in my life." I remember wondering what academic authority a speaker on pneumonia at the medical school would have who had never been in the same room with Diplococcus pneumoniae. Walter Lowenfels' "Lives," his prose and his poetry, should be published with proper editing, less for his sake than for the better understanding of those who make cold, and hot, wars.

Hosting Russian Poetry

MODERN RUSSIAN POETRY: An Anthology with Verse Translations. *Edited and with an Introduction by Vladimir Markov and Merrill Sparks. Translated by Merrill Sparks. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 842 pp. $12.50. Paper $5.95.*

POETS ON STREET CORNERS: Portraits of Fifteen Russian Poets. *By Olga Carlisle. Random House. 430 pp. $6.95.*

SIMON KARLINSKY
Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art *(University of California Press).*

Few Western readers are likely to grasp without explanatory comments the meaning of the pivotal scene in Solzhenitsyn's *In the First Circle*, in which the young Soviet diplomat Volodin rummages through the magazines of his late mother's library and becomes aware of the range and the scope of early 20th-century Russian art and poetry. The three decades of Stalinist cultural policies, which precede the action of the novel, had so thoroughly distorted Russian cultural history, so successfully slandered or driven into oblivion the finest Russian poets and painters of this century, that to a cultivated and intelligent young Russian like Volodin, brought up in the 1930s and '40s, the very discovery of their existence and of their excellence comes as a shattering jolt. The discovery triggers off an emotional and ethical evolution in Volodin, eventually culminating in his attempted act of kindness toward his mother's old doctor, the act that ruins his diplomatic career and delivers him into the hands of the secret police.

The power of the cultural establishment in the Soviet Union to make and break literary reputations, at home and abroad, is awesome. By Stalin's fiat, Vladimir Mayakovsky could be created a great national poet, his statues adorning innumerable town squares and subway stations, his patriotism and party-mindedness extolled in a steady stream of books and articles. All this would be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause for rejoicing, were it not for the awkward fact that about a dozen of Mayakovsky's contemporaries, whose poetry is equal or superior to his, get no monuments or monographs but only an occasional cursory or derogatory mention, simply because they were not eulogized by Stalin, or were not as vociferously loyal to the party as Mayakovsky was, or, worst of all, because they chose to live abroad.

The variety and richness of 20th-century Russian poetry which the government concealed from Solzhenitsyn's Volodin is no longer a secret outside the Soviet Union. The two bilingual anthologies intended to acquaint the English-speaking reader with that richness and that variety testify to the growing awareness of an interest in what is sure to be eventually recognized as one of the crowning achievements in the history of world poetry.

What these anthologies attempt to do is so very necessary and so right that the initial reaction to their appearance is humility and gratitude. Surely, it would be carping to find fault with editors and translators who offer us these volumes full of this hitherto inaccessible poetry.

Yet carp one must, for the virtues and defects of these two collections (and they are mutually complementary, as it happens) raise and illustrate the basic problems of selection and translation, problems that are likely to stay with us for some time.

Professor Markov's *Modern Russian Poetry* is, first of all, an astounding and beautiful feat of selection. No anthology exists in Russian that offers such a thorough, competent and imaginative picture of that multifaceted, protean poetic age. Permanent quality and significance seem to have guided his choice (the one exception is the inclusion of the topical poetry of World War II, in what seems to be a misguided effort at objectivity). For the major poets, there are balanced, comprehensive selections of poems tracing their entire careers and some of these (the sections on Zinaida Gippius or Velimir Khlebnikov, for example) could serve as a basic sampler of the best things each poet wrote.

But while the poetry printed in Russian on the left-hand pages unfolds an unparalleled and rewarding panorama of a remarkable poetic age, the English equivalents of these poems printed on the right are something else. The fatal mistake of the translators was to assume that present-day literary techniques, versification and poetic language in Russian and in English are similar and interchangeable. But, unfortunately, the kinds of meter and rhyme used by Pasternak or Mandelstam no longer exist in serious poetry in English: unless something is done to modernize the diction or the syntax, such meters inevitably suggest musical comedy lyrics and barroom ballads. Thus, when Markov and his collaborator, Merrill Sparks, after doing much violence to meaning and style, manage to duplicate the Russian rhyme scheme (mostly by using strings of present participles: winging—singing—ringing) the result is Kuzmin or Khodasevich rendered into the idiom of Gilbert and Sullivan, of Rodgers and Hammerstein or, in particularly virtuoso instances, into a watered-down Cole Porter. The slick, hackneyed rhymes, the incongruous lapses into American slang, the pseudo-poetic syntactic inversions all contribute to inject a wildly inappropriate Broadway flavor into some of the most delicate and finely wrought Russian poems ever written.

Stylistic and semantic levels of the English texts are systematically (and, apparently, unconsciously) vulgarized. The chilling apostrophe to Lady Macbeth by Vladislav Khodasevich is couched in English in the tones of a comic cop handing a traffic citation to a housewife. The English versions of the subtle and perverse lyric miniatures of the *émigré* poet Georgii Ivanov make one think of Ethel Merman attempting a raucous, jazzed-up rendition of a Chopin nocturne.

The Markov-Sparks anthology, for all its enormous distinction as a collection of Russian poems, cannot qualify as a satisfactory collection of translations. At their best, the English texts can serve as not entirely reliable trots for those who read Russian with difficulty. It is hard to find a single translation in the volume that could stand up in its own right as a poem in English.

In Olga Carlisle's *Poets on Street Corners*, on the other hand, some of the finest poets now writing in English have produced polished and elegant, although rarely faithful adaptations of major modern Russian poets. Many of these translations are also excellent English poems. Unfortunately, however, the Carlisle anthology suffers from serious defects in those areas where the Markov-Sparks one is strongest: in the selection of poems, in command of the literary background, and, all too often, in elementary comprehension of the cited Russian texts.

Vladimir Markov takes his reader through the castle of modern Russian poetry as a supremely confident host, familiar with every inch of the premises and in full command of his every step. Olga Carlisle's role is that of a chatty society hostess who, although brought up in another culture, is still attempting to lead a few guests on a tour of her ancestral home. The stance is gracious enough, but it ill serves the great poets who are introduced to the reader in such a flippant, haphazard manner. Well-known poems are arbitrarily abridged, untitled poems are provided with new titles, and dedications translated and printed as if they were titles.

The title *Poets on Street Corners* is a naively opportunistic attempt to capitalize on the current popularity of Yevtushenko and Voznesensky in the West. To designate thus Akhmatova, Mandelstam and Blok is about as meaningful as to call Yeats, Auden and Eliot "Beat poets." Where Vladimir Markov offers carefully thought-out, representative samplings of each poet's work, Mrs. Carlisle's selections are hasty and whimsical. She writes of elements of surrealism in the Soviet poetry of the 1920s and includes a section on the most surrealistic of Soviet poets, Nikolai Zabolotsky. But, with the exception of one single poem, he is represented exclusively by the tame, traditional poetry of the 1950s, after a decade of Stalinist labor camps broke his spirit and forced him to give up his own original style. If Marina Cvetaeva was "an important part" of Mrs. Carlisle's Parisian childhood, why is there no poem to represent her Paris period, and why are the numer-

(*Advertisement*)

Why Aren't You A Fast Reader?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique of rapid reading which should enable you to increase your reading speed and yet retain much more. Most people do not realize how much they could increase their pleasure, success and income by reading faster and more accurately.

According to this publisher, many people, regardless of their present reading skill, can use this simple technique to improve their reading ability to a remarkable degree. Whether reading stories, books, technical matter, it becomes possible to read sentences at a glance and entire pages in seconds with this method.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing rapid reading skill, the company has printed full details of its interesting self-training method in a new booklet, "How to Read Faster and Retain More," mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Simply enclose a dime to cover postage and handling. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Reading, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 533-517, Chicago, Ill. 60614. A postcard will do.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

A PARTING WORD

25 years ago, when we were in the midst of a grave crisis, we used to see this slogan in all of our terminals: **IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?**

These days, when many consider we are in a worse crisis, and there is an opportunity to *profit from that crisis, those of us that are not* in dire circumstances, when tempted to grasp such a profit, should ask ourselves: **IS THIS PROFIT NECESSARY?**

We don't mean to criticize tenement people who cannot afford to pass up any opportunity to secure something. Rather, we are trying to appeal to those who are compulsively "caught up in the heat of the money-mad game", and cannot pause long enough to realize that the Law of Diminishing Returns applies to money as well as anything else. Is the money the final product, or just the nuts and bolts and axles which are assembled into the end product, human satisfactions?

There is a clear division among people as to whether life is richer sharing, or hogging it. Some people insist on hogging it to the extreme of gorging and wallowing senselessly. Should not those of us who are prospering ask ourselves once in a while: **IS THIS HOGGING IT NECESSARY?**

There are white lies, and harmless flattery, and over-encouragement. But much deceit does more harm than good. If we are prosperous, and don't need to use deceit, or cheating, or treachery, shouldn't we occasionally ask ourselves: **IS THIS DECEIT NECESSARY?**

We have brains. What a waste it is not to use them.

Au revoir.

David Koretz 521 Park **Detroit, MI 48226**

SOCK IT TO ME—over 225 other underground buttons. 1/25c, 5/$1, 50/$5, 125/$10 and 1,000/$75. Bumperstickers, beads and peace jewelry, too. Free catalogue to all! Free sample to stores. **A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, Calif. 94103.**

DISCOVER an intriguing, fun way of meeting literate Jewish singles. FREE literature: **OPERATION MAZEL TOV, 663 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. 10022.**

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE. Computerized Dating Service (All Ages). "Let **TEAM** Make You a Team". For **FREE** questionnaire write: **TEAM Project, 245 E. 30th St., New York, N.Y. 10016**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 7-7-69

333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ **One Year, $10**
☐ **Two Years, $18**
☐ **6 Months, $6**

☐ **Bill Me** ☐ **Payment Enclosed**

(Add $1 per year postage for Canada; $2 foreign)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip No. .....

ous selections from her work (whose production spans three decades) almost all restricted to the single year 1921? There is a profusion of poems addressed to other poets—Akhmatova's to Blok and Pasternak, Pasternak's to Akhmatova, Cvetaeva's to Blok and Mayakovsky, etc. Now, most of these were occasional pieces, of no great importance in the poets' output. Their sheer concentration here gives modern Russian poetry a misleading, unwarranted air of parochialism and inbreeding.

There are various valid ways of translating modern poetry into English and Mrs. Carlisle's poet-collaborators have tried many of them. Among the most successful are Richard Wilbur's versions of Akhmatova, and adaptations of Pasternak by Theodore Weiss. Wilbur treats the originals with reverence and follows them with fidelity, while Weiss converts Pasternak into extremely free and inventive English equivalents. In both cases there is a recognizable relationship to the Russian poem printed on the opposite page; in both cases the poet-translator clearly understands the text he is translating and knows what he is doing to it.

This cannot be said of the majority of other translations in the volume. In order to forestall accusations of misreadings, Mrs. Carlisle warns us in her foreword that "what sometimes appears as a mistranslation in English is an attempt on the part of the adapter to recapture the concreteness of the Russian original." It would be nice to be able to believe this ambiguous statement. But when Marina Cvetaeva writes of "billowing red calico and whistling of the quail" and Denise Levertov translates "the familiar grass lifting in the wind and whistled tunes," it is painfully clear that someone had failed to look up some unfamiliar Russian words. Anna Akhmatova writes a shattering stanza about the women friends who waited with her at the prison gate and then followed their loved ones to Siberia. Robert Lowell's adaptation of this stanza speaks of a male friend, who would then contextually have to be Akhmatova's son. In the same cycle, Akhmatova's line "Magdalen writhed and sobbed" is rendered by Lowell as "Magdalen fought and hit the officer." Are we to believe that this sort of thing (which occurs on every other page of the collection) is "recapturing the concreteness of the Russian"? Isn't it more likely that this is simple misunderstanding based on erroneous reading of the number and gender of the word *podrugi* in the first Akhmatova-Lowell example and in the second of the verb *bit'sia* (which *can* mean "to fight" in other contexts, but not here)?

Since Mrs. Carlisle claims the credit for most of the trots used by her collaborators, the inescapable conclusion is that she either reads her native language with difficulty or else carelessly and inattentively. Such an impression is given further plausibility by her out-of-focus translations of the passages from memoirs and poems cited in her introductory sections. If this is so then we can understand the sad case of Robert Lowell's much admired, much criticized "adaptations" of modern Russian poets.

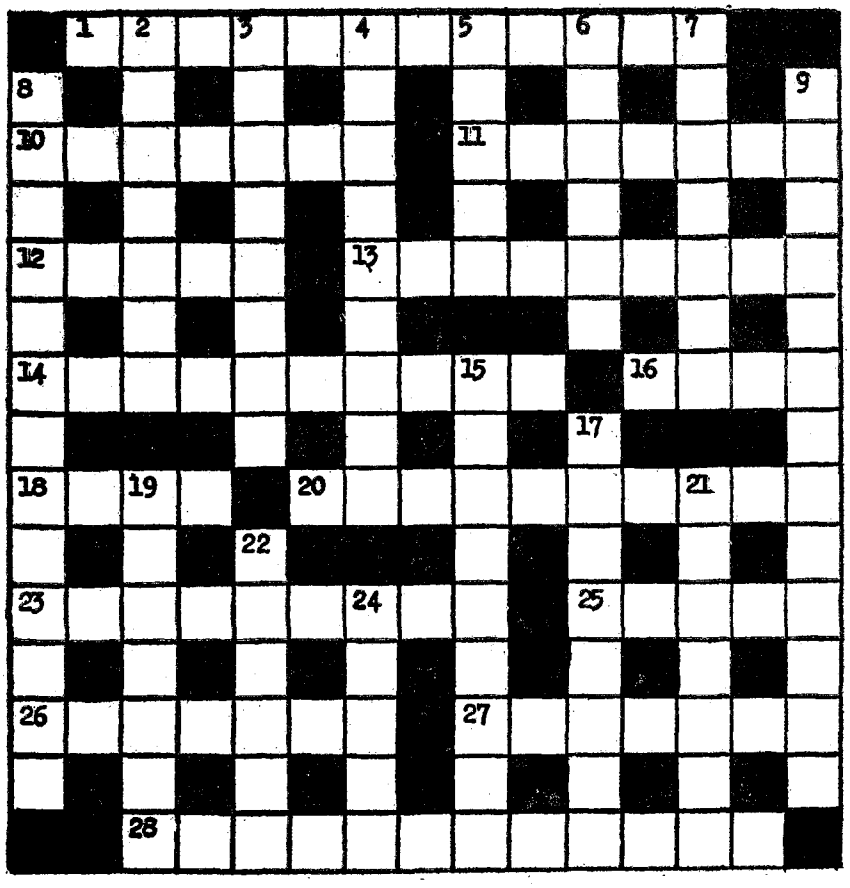
Robert Lowell's verbal magic in English is potent. There are people able to read Mandelstam in the original who melt in admiration before Lowell's distorted adaptations and "never mind what Mandelstam actually wrote." There is nothing wrong with the extreme freedom of Lowell's treatment. That kind of freedom worked wonders in his translations of Baudelaire and Montale. It was pushed to extremes in his magnificent adaptation of Racine's *Phèdre*. In all those cases, there was no doubt that Lowell had a full grasp of the text he was translating or adapting. With Mandelstam, Pasternak and, now, Anna Akhmatova, it is equally evident that, all too often, Lowell does not understand the tone, the structure and, sometimes, the elementary meaning of the poem. What he is adapting is some hasty, shoddy trot, and every few lines some misread, misunderstood Russian word or phrase (and a glance at the Russian text easily establishes the nature of each misunderstanding) pokes its way through the elegant, eloquent flow of his English, like a rusty spring out of a stylish piece of furniture. Surely, the poets Boris Pasternak, Osip Mandelstam *and* Robert Lowell deserve better.

The ultimate impression of these two anthologies is that of a tremendous missed opportunity. What a magnificent anthology we could have had if the respective editors had pooled their efforts; if Olga Carlisle and her collaborators had secured the advice of someone like Vladimir Markov, who really knows this poetry and understands it in all of its nuances; if Vladimir Markov had Richard Wilbur, Theodore Weiss, Denise Levertov and a better-informed Robert Lowell to help him put the poems he so beautifully selected into modern and poetic English verse. But the rare opportunity was missed and we will probably have to make do with these two collections for some years to come. We should, therefore, appreciate them for the good things they do contain: the Markov-Sparks as a collection of Russian poems and Mrs. Carlisle's volume for the dozen or so good and knowledgeable translations by fine American poets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1305

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Very unhappy because the record is being played after midnight? (12)
10 Expedient but singular government business? (7)
11 In it butter is wrong—an olive would be better! (7)
12 More like shootin' as the dated saying goes. (5)
13 Poet arranging to plunder a French town? (9)
14 Are radical deeds the business of the revisionist? (10)
16 Polish river, or German. (4)
18 Not all one's duty, perhaps. (4)
20 See 17 down
23 The child of 4, sometimes associated with Bach? (9)
25 Nothing has the poet going round and round, almost! (5)
26 What a dentist might do to get the root? (7)
27 Is beriberi an obvious thing to show one from Madrid or Lisbon, perhaps? (7)
28 This could make one quick again. (12)

DOWN

2 Variety of red-bill, not being a very refined strain. (3-4)
3 A fall possibly might cause poor vision. (8)
4 The relation of the inevitable to the nature of its conditions. (9)
5 Containing a certain element that is somewhat less than worldly. (5)
6 Reach a stopping point. (6)
7 In the end, a little one of those things no man is, hence isolated. (7)
8 Personally addressed, one not being in the immediate vicinity. (13)
9 However in high office he isn't responsible for wrong-doing! (4-9)
15 One doesn't 6 according to schedule, if this—and certainly no credit is implied. (3,2,4)
17 and 20 across Do they seem to prove there's no crime in not being involved? (8,10)
19 One who fixes things, in a way, and in France might be in flower. (7)
21 Hate or fear, for example. (7)
22 Goes quietly—not necessarily in gym shoes. (6)
24 Put into the ground, proving there's no point to the cold season. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1304

ACROSS: 1 Chain letters; 9 And so forth; 10 Ties; 11 Bypasses; 12 Canoes; 13 Hates; 15 Salic law; 16 Terrapin; 19 Yaqui; 21 Uglier; 22 Inimical; 24 Stye; 25 Egocentric; 26 The bitter end. DOWN: 2 Henry the Eighth; 3 Instant; 4 Lifts; 5 Thrusts; 6 Ethically; 7 Satanic; 8 Generalization; 14 Supersede; 17 Raiment; 18 Nairobi; 20 Quieter; 23 Id est.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

EDUCATIONAL

SCHOOL AT KIRKRIDGE—On Appalachian Trail overlooking Poconos. Opening this fall. Grades 10-11, boarding 20 boys, 16 girls. Intercultural, venturesome, non-denominational but seriously Christian related to Kirkridge retreat-and-study center founded 1942. All-teach-all-learn community including expert teachers for college preparation, social relevance, late-teen self-realization. 85 miles from Manhattan and Philadelphia. Write **SCHOOL AT KIRKRIDGE, BOX 11, BANGOR, PENNSYLVANIA 18013. Phone: 215-581-8954.**

AGENTS WANTED

CHRISTMAS CARDS—Business and Personal. Customer's name imprinted. Earn unusually high commissions from this medium- and high priced line. No investment. No inventory. Free Sample Album. **Process Corp. (our 48th year), 3430 S. 54 Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60650.**

RECORDS & TAPES

PACIFICA RADIO (WBAI - KPFA - KPFK) TAPES—Campus Unrest, Black Man in America, Drug Scene, Abortion Dilemma, Anti-Vietnam, Draft Protest, Modern Poetry, etc. Over 4000 titles. FREE BROCHURES. **Write Box M, Pacifica Programs, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.**

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare **Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music.** Some records priced as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. **MHS RECORDS, Box 932 NA, New York, N. Y. 10023.**

MARTIN LUTHER KING'S "I Had A Dream", RALPH ABERNATHY'S "Freedom Road", plus landmark speeches by **MALCOLM X, REYES TIJERINA** and **CESAR CHAVEZ.** Five powerful statements of vital significance. First quality broadcast tapes from Pacifica Radio. **$12.50 each or $55.00 for all five.** FREE BROCHURES. **Write Box K, Pacifica Tape Library, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.**

PUBLICATIONS

WORLD DEMOCRACY: By Bin Dir Woor. Self-Designated Symbolical World President. Unique. Entrancing. $2. **Greenwich Book Publishers, 282 7th Avenue, New York City. Bin Dir Woor** says that his Self Designation is half of the story. The other important half is in "World Democracy".

JUST OUT! The Third Book of the NATION'S BEST PUZZLES. Obtainable from **Frank W. Lewis, 119 Northway, Greenbelt, Md., 20770, $2. postpaid.** Special offer, all three books, 204 puzzles in all, $4 postpaid.

KNOW CANADA BETTER!

See world affairs from a **different** perspective!

Read **CANADIAN DIMENSION**

Independent, lively, and original. Canada's leading forum for radical thought.

$4.00 for eight large issues

Write to:

CANADIAN DIMENSION
P.O. Box 1413
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba, Canada

Advertising Rates

CLASSIFIED

74c a line (6 words) Three-line minimum

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY

$7.42 per inch (minimum)

The NATION

333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

242-8400

Printed by Milford Publishing Inc., Milford, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

100,000 signed this Declaration during the JOHNSON Administration.
NIXON is allowing death and destruction to continue and to increase.
Pressure and action against the war are needed.

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest — To Object — To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
JAMES BALDWIN
(FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.
REV. PHILLIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.
RAY BRADBURY
ROBERT McAFFEE BROWN
REV. WILLIAM H. DU BAY
JAMES FARMER
W. H. FERRY
DR. JEROME D. FRANK
REV. STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
BEN GAZZARA
DR. FRED GOLDSTEIN
NAOMI L. GOLDSTEIN
DR. RALPH R. GREENSON
PROF. ABRAHAM J. HESCHEL
BRIG. GENERAL H. B. HESTER, RET.
DR. STANLEY HOFFMAN
TERESSA B. HOFFMAN
CHARLES H. HUBBEL
SANDER L. JOHNSON, ESQ.
PROF. DONALD KALISH
EDWARD M. KEATING
PHIL KERBY
RING LARDNER, JR.
RABBI RICHARD N. LEVY
LOUIS LICHT, ESQ.
DR. ROBERT E. LITMAN
VICTOR LUDWIG
HERBERT D. MAGIDSON
SHIRLEY MAGIDSON
NORMAN MAILER
THOMAS MERTON
SIDNEY MEYER
EASON MONROE
PROF. HANS J. MORGENTHAU
HENRY E. NILES
DR. MARK F. ORFIRER
AVA HELEN PAULING
DR. LINUS PAULING
BISHOP JAMES A. PIKE
RICHARD M. POWELL
CARL REINER
JANICE RULE
ROBERT RYAN
DAVID SCHOENBRUN
LORRY SHERMAN
PROF. ROBERT SIMMONS
DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK
FRED H. STEINMETZ, ESQ.
DR. NORMAN TABACHNICK
D. IAN THIERMANN
BRYNA IVENS UNTERMEYER
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
DICK VAN DYKE
ROBERT VAUGHN
DR. MAURICE N. WALSH
DR. HARVEY WHEELER
A. L. WIRIN, ESQ.

I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence.

signature _____
For clarity, also print your name after your signature
address _____ date _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____

Sign, complete and mail to P.O. Box 69960, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069. The office of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence will then forward the information to the United Nations.
Should you also wish to support additional publishings and communications, send $1 or more in cash or by check made payable to Individuals Against the Crime of Silence. . . . This donation entitles you to the lapel emblem, the wallet-size registration card and four personalized letter replicas of the Declaration for you to individually send on to the President and your U.S. senators and congressman. Money is needed to speed our progress.
The strength of our numbers will regularly and effectively be made known. Your signature does have power.

Tear Out On The Dotted Line And Mail

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED